

H. G. Beach.

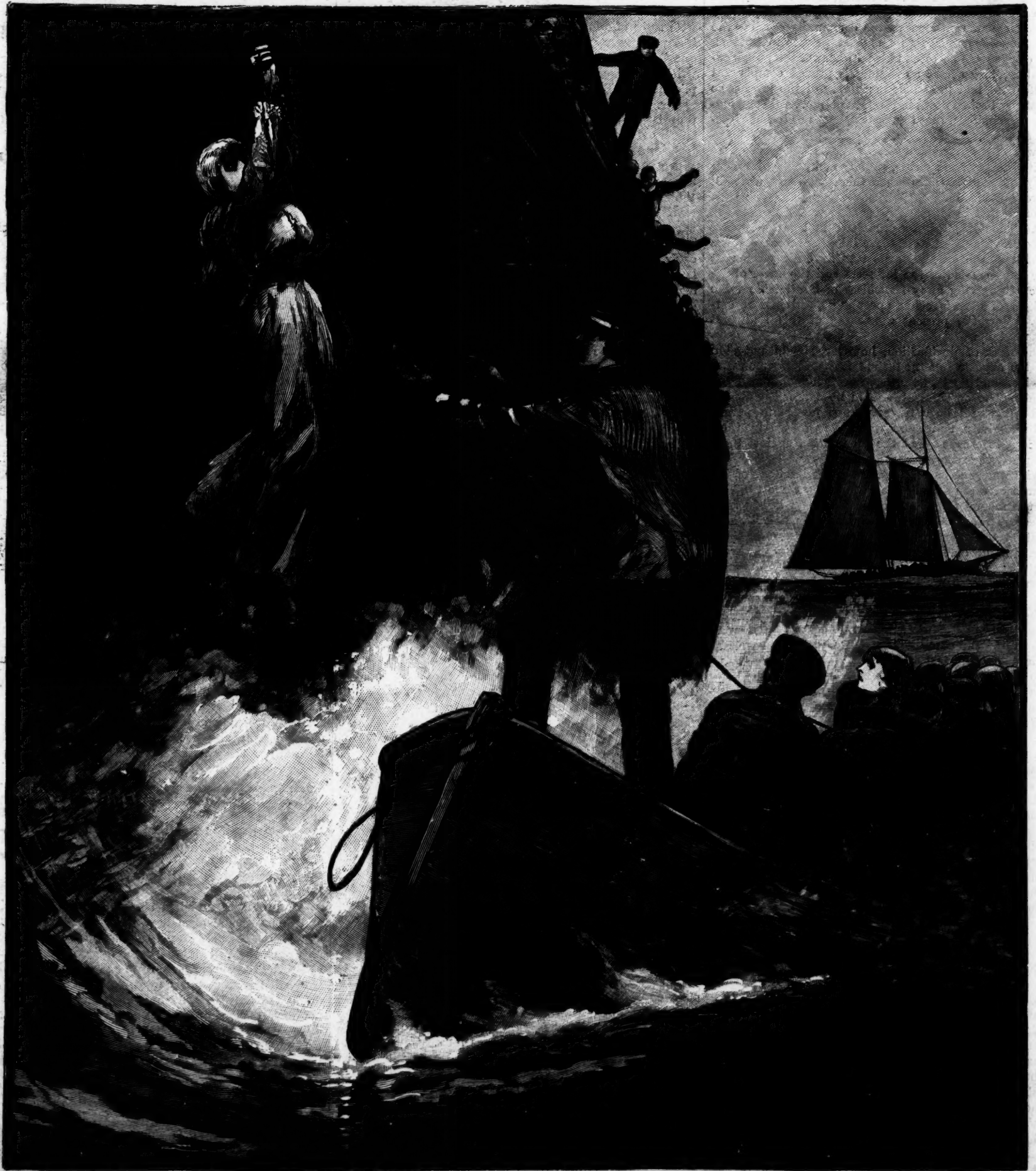
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N.Y., as Second-class Matter.

No. 1,592.—Vol. LXII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 27, 1886.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



THE LOSS OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP "OREGON."—RESCUING THE FEMALE PASSENGERS: THE SWING FOR LIFE.
SEE PAGE 57.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1886.

THE EXPOSURE OF CORRUPTION.

THERE really seems to be a probability that the conspiracies against the rights of the people, and the wholesale perversion of public franchises to private use, which have of late years become so common in New York, will be at last exposed, and the guilty conspirators brought to deserved punishment. The arrest, last week, of Alderman Henry W. Jaehne, Vice-president of the Board of Aldermen, on a charge that he had taken a \$20,000 bribe to vote for the Broadway Surface Railroad franchise, while it accentuates the general suspicion that that particular franchise was obtained by corrupt means, and opens the way to further important discoveries, at the same time demonstrates that there is a power in an awakened public opinion which the machinations of the expertest and most influential scoundrels cannot always resist. Lately, right-thinking men had come to doubt whether there was any reserve potency in the virtuous sentiment of the community equal to the protection of public rights against private marauders. The courts have so often failed to answer the public expectation, juries have so frequently proved complaisant to offenders, and the whole machinery of the law has so repeatedly broken down in the face of powerful combinations of criminals, that this conclusion as to the helplessness of the people in any case involving important interests was with many simply irresistible. But every crime has its Nemesis, and virtue, probity and justice, however feebly they may at times assert themselves, are, after all, in every civilized state, the really dominant and masterful forces, and in all great cases are sure to come to the front. The Tweed dynasty, long defiant and supreme, fell before the assertion of these inhering forces, and the downfall of the corruptionists who have for years past made merchandise of the interests and the honor of the metropolis, giving away franchises of inestimable value to rings of conscienceless speculators, will just as certainly follow the present awakening of this indignant public opinion.

The work of purification, however, should not stop with the exposure of the bribe-takers. Every man who has aided and abetted the crimes which Jaehne and the rest helped to consummate should be exposed and punished. It would be a travesty upon justice to permit the bribe-givers, and those who have profited by their practices, to escape. Let the prosecution against them be pushed vigorously and mercilessly.

It is some consolation to know that at least one of the schemes of these speculators has already come to grief, and the money they have expended upon it has been wasted. The Legislature passed, last week, a Bill which defeats the project of the cable companies to seize seventy miles of streets without giving New York the slightest return. The Bill, which passed both Houses on the same day, compels street-railroad franchises in the cities and villages of the State to be sold at public auction to the bidder who shall give the largest percentage per annum of the gross receipts derived from the operation of the railroad. It stipulates, however, that "in cities of more than 250,000 inhabitants such percentage shall in no case be less than three per cent. per annum of such gross receipts, for and during the first five years," and "five per cent. of such gross receipts after the expiration of five years." Under this Act, the cable franchise, which has been vetoed by Mayor Grace, will be valueless even if again sanctioned by the Board of Aldermen. This is a vast gain. The franchise is of very great value, and, put up at auction, will command a large sum for the public treasury. Thus, in every aspect of the case, the results of the movement which has followed upon the exposures in connection with the Broadway steal are wholesome and advantageous—wholesome in the set-back they give official wrongdoing, and advantageous not only pecuniarily, but in the restoration of the supremacy of the moral forces in a community too long dominated by corruptionists and plunderers.

THE LOSS OF THE "OREGON."

ONE of our largest ocean steamers cut down almost in sight of port, and sunk within a few hours afterwards, while her nine hundred passengers are picked off by smaller vessels that are providentially near at hand—this is the disaster which sends a shudder of dismay through the breasts of millions. The sensation is increased by the discovery that there were not boats enough to hold more than a third of the passengers, and they must have perished if help had not been at hand. "What if the Oregon had been struck and sunk in a storm instead of a calm?—in darkness instead of in a luminous night?—in mid-sea instead of in sight of land?"—this is the question everybody asks. The inevitable answer is, that in that case hundreds would certainly have been lost. The next question is, How to prevent such a catastrophe in the future? It is difficult to insure safety. They who go down to the sea in ships take risks. A steamer cannot carry half boats enough to hold her passengers.

engens. There are only two ways in which reasonable safety can be secured. One is to have the transatlantic steamers sail, by some arrangement, in couples, and keep within sight of each other. Even that might be dangerous in a fog. Another is to have a circle of, say, twenty miles in diameter, drawn somewhere in "the roaring forties," and then have all steamers bound to go within this circle both going and coming. This would insure the proximity of help at one point on the sea towards which disabled vessels might steer for succor. If necessary, more than one such circle could be drawn. Something like this must be done.

GLADSTONE'S DILEMMA.

IF Mr. Trevelyan, old-line Whig, and Joseph Chamberlain, leader of the Radicals, shall finally refuse to serve in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, the former as Secretary for Scotland and the latter as President of the Local Government Board, the circumstances may prove to be embarrassing. Mr. Gladstone has a dual ambition—to establish some sort of Home Rule for Ireland on the one hand, and on the other to realize a scheme of expropriation—a wholesale purchase of land by the Government at a cost of \$800,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. To this latter concession the recusants resolutely object. They may possibly be won to a half-hearted acquiescence, or a try-it-if-you-wish state of mind, for they have not made their declination peremptory, and have yielded to Mr. Gladstone's request to "talk it over." But at the present moment of writing, reconciliation seems impossible, and fresh complications in British politics appear to be probable.

Mr. Chamberlain cannot oppose Mr. Gladstone's expropriation scheme on the ground that it violates any cherished principle, for he has himself proposed projects more chimerical, almost as revolutionary and quite as offensive to moderates of all sorts. Trevelyan's objections are more natural. He is a Whig, controlled by Whig traditions, and it is reasonable that he should revolt, as his distinguished uncle, Lord Macaulay, would have revolted, against a scheme to establish an Irish Parliament, to buying out Irish landlords, and to seriously impair if not imperil the union of the realm. Why he should ever have cast his fortunes with Mr. Gladstone after knowing his purpose is the only puzzle.

The condemnation of private property by the state for the benefit of the uneasy occupants is not without precedent. The policy was adopted in Canada, Jamaica, Australia, Prince Edward's Island, and other places. As to the proposed method of its application in Ireland, it is not yet publicly defined. The land may be sold to the tenants on a commutation or installment plan, running from fifteen to twenty years; or it may be held permanently by the Government and put up at auction year by year to go to the highest bidder. The latter process would enforce "the tyrannical *laissez faire* doctrine," and would establish as a permanent policy of the state the competitive system of industry which so-called reformers now roundly denounce. The former would prove very oppressive to many who could not meet their installments, while those who could would merely be transformed into smaller landlords, able to sublet and to rack-rent and evict their "victims" in turn.

Moreover, if the policy is adopted for the benefit of Irish peasants, it is believed that the peasants of Scotland and England will not tarry long before holding up their platters for the largess which the Empire shows such willingness to dispense. There are about as many evictions and as much rack-rent along the Clyde and Tweed as along the Shannon, and it will be difficult for Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Gladstone's successor to convince the still struggling farmers that they are not entitled to similar relief.

THE BUSINESS REVIVAL.

THE evidences of a genuine business prosperity begin to accumulate. And the revival, as we see it, is not in any sense one of those sporadic movements which are characterized as "booms"; it is, on the contrary, the outcome of a steady and conservative increase in the volume of trade since the turning-point was reached last Autumn, when fictitious mercantile methods, over-manufacture, and sudden expedients to meet artificial changes of values, were abandoned in all well-ordered transactions. The immediate proof of this state of the mercantile world is found in the fact that dealers in the drygoods district of this city have, this season, sold nearly one-third more goods in dollars and cents than during the progress of the Spring trade for many years. Indeed, it may be said that there has never been such a surprising general advance in sales acting equally on all parts of the country. In this city there have been and are now merchants from every central city and town of the United States, laying in stocks of goods at the present low prices—simply because they are low—and leaving heavy advance orders to meet the increased demand, founded on higher wages and a juster appreciation of the needs of the workman on the part of his employer.

As for manufacturers, they are, speaking generally, enjoying a more healthy prosperity than for many years past. An unsettled condition of the market no longer drives them into all kinds of speculative manufacture, or impels them to put wares on the trade, through the commission houses, little knowing what will happen. Heretofore the fate of this class of articles has been exceedingly

uncertain, and as a consequence manufacturers have held great quantities of unsalable goods in stock; this has locked up the money needed to carry on their enterprises, and even when they have made an output, it has been as a mere experiment, and often disastrous to themselves, while choking the channels of trade with a kind of mercantile refuse. Now all of this is changed, and the manufacturer can scarcely supply his orders; he sells for cash only; he is able therefore to offer his workmen a suitable compensation for their toil, and he finds no difficulty in reaching the consumer through the agency of the commission houses and the jobbers, and the wares are thus disposed of at fair rates. Not only this, but there is a general improvement in the quality of all manufactured articles in the United States, owing to keener competition, than formerly prevailed, and they are offered at cheaper prices than ever.

From whatever side we may view the revival of business as felt by our merchants in this city, the outlook for the future is encouraging. Business methods have been purified; wild-cat production seems to have quite ceased in the face of frequent and often overwhelming disaster, and the luxuries are in plentiful demand. All of these are hopeful signs, and it really looks as if the country had passed beyond the vale of financial retrogression from which it only partially emerged in 1879-80.

TALK IN SOCIETY.

THE Winter which ends with the coming Easter has probably been a less agreeable one to the average society woman in New York than any of its predecessors for the past ten years. Balls have been voted dull, dinners heavy, and the opera merely a vantage-ground for the newspaper critics, who have had an opportunity to comment on low-necked dresses, and the convenient arrangements of the opera-boxes. As to the dullness of balls in a great city like New York, that is easily understood when the first mistake is considered. They are given away from home, in a public restaurant, at "so much a head." The sense of personal attention, of the flattering belief that a host and hostess are expecting you, is wanting. One Delmonico ball is exactly like another, and the fatigued lady who has been to fifteen fails to see the amusement to be derived from the sixteenth. As to the dinners, we can only explain their heaviness by the heat of the rooms and the decay of the art of conversation. The size of a dinner has a great deal to do with its brilliancy; a dinner of twenty must be dull unless the members are remarkably well seated, and few modern hostesses seem to have the tact which was attributed to Lady Palmerston, and to some other leaders of English society, who always seated their guests favorably, and with an eye to their amusement. A small dinner is the more social, as conversation becomes general and is full of vitality, if there is not a professional punster invited. If there is, there cannot be much pleasure. These men are the midnight assassins of conversation, and lie in wait to stab the budding talker.

The conversation at a dinner, we will say, of eight or ten people, is apt to be brilliant; as each individual draws out his neighbor, or his opposite neighbor, talk becomes general; it cannot degenerate into slander; an idea started by one is passed on to another, the ball is thrown backwards and forwards; there is an opportunity for every one to be bright, sparkling and witty. There should be always some two or three clever talkers present, but not one so above the average that his superiority will dwarf the others. In Boston, formerly, dinner-givers never invited their two most prominent wits to the same dinner, for they dwarfed each other.

There is no excuse for a dull Winter in New York society, for women are beautiful and well-educated, men are sparkling and witty—live men full of the topics of to-day, having that kind of American vivacity which in each case serves as a whetstone for the sharpening of retort; the very people to make dinners agreeable. We have legal and military wits, whose light is inextinguishable; we have clever talkers, whose talk never runs in the same groove; we have some of the best women talkers in the world, and we have the most luxurious dinners; yet they are, on an average, dull. As for the balls, they must return to private houses if they are to become agreeable.

More culture, and less show, more domestic privacy, and less personal formalism, more attention paid to the ventilation of one's dining-room, where there is now no air to breathe, will all tend to the improvement of society, and social pleasure. Then, if we can gain such an Utopia, we shall not have our gayest, prettiest *débutantes*, who ought to enjoy balls, denouncing them as dull; we shall not have our most brilliant society women saying that dinners are heavy; we shall not hear the most prudent exclaiming, "What shall we do to keep out of the papers?"

AN UNWISE SUGGESTION.

PRESIDENT ADAMS of Cornell University recently read a somewhat remarkable paper before the Constitution Club of New York city on "State Interference with Monopolies." He showed that the competitive system of labor has its drawbacks, and then expressed the opinion that the State ought to take charge of and manage all those kinds of business that are "above competition and show a constantly increasing

ing profit." He instanced railroads, and said that individuals could not manage them without inflicting injury and loss on the community.

We only desire to ask Professor Adams if there is any kind of business that is "above competition," or that "shows a constantly increasing profit"? Obviously, railroads cannot be so classified, for it is proverbial that not one-half of those built pay a profit to their builders, and it is said by political economists that there is more money made in the grocery business than in the railroad business in proportion to the money invested. Indeed, it is a matter of statistics that the enormous sum of \$800,000,000 was lost in railroads between 1881 and 1885—that is, the railroads of this country alone would have sold for \$800,000,000 less in the latter year than in the former. If, then, there is no "kind of business" that shows a "constantly increasing profit," what becomes of Professor Adams's benevolent proposition?

"HOME RULE" FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"HOME RULE" is not a new project. It is the outcome of an oft-considered and long-cherished aspiration, and took its first tangible shape from the fertile brain of that greatest of all Irish statesmen, Daniel O'Connell, who, having by his incessant agitation forced Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington to concede Catholic Emancipation, raised a demand for the Repeal of the Union, intending to accept something less—just as the Chatham Street merchant asks twenty dollars for a coat which he has determined to sell for five dollars if need be.

Some of the Irish members of that time, knowing that the Repeal of the Union would never be entertained, exercised their ingenuity in framing intermediate measures, which, while they kept alive the cry of Repeal, had also the effect of holding the O'Connellite party together.

It is a fact beyond all controversy, and capable of demonstration by reference to the archives of the Home Office of London, that a scheme for "Home Rule" was drawn out by Richard Lalor Sheil, the author of "Evadne," and one of the purest patriots that ever blessed the Green Isle. The scheme was briefly this: The four great Provinces of Ireland—Leinster, Ulster, Connaught and Munster—which had been independent sovereignties in their earlier history, were each to have a separate Parliament, to be held in their chief town. This differed from our legislative system only in there being no second chamber. This single chamber, however, was to be absolute, and was to be convened by the Lord Lieutenant, who must be an Irishman, and chosen by the people outside of the influence of these Parliaments. He had the power of veto, and if the Parliament remained stubborn, the question in dispute was to be submitted to a Board of Law Officers, which was to sit in Dublin. The Lord Lieutenant, or Viceroy, was to have the appointment of the Lord Chancellor, the judges, and other legal functionaries. The Parliaments were to have the entire control of the police and the local militia, who were to be only amenable to their own officers, whose commissions must be signed by the Governor of each of these four Provinces, as the case might be. These Governors, who were to hold office for life, were to be chosen by the Parliament of each separate kingdom or province. It is said that the Duke of Wellington was so favorable to this mode of settlement, that he appended to it: "APPROVED. W."

It will be seen that the local Parliaments had no power to create an army or a navy, and they were to have no dealings with foreign powers; all these matters were left to the Imperial Parliament in London, of which Ireland was to have her full complement of one hundred members, but no person could hold a seat in any one of these Provincial Parliaments and be a member of the Imperial Parliament at the same time. Any person sitting in the former was eligible to the latter, but must resign his seat in the Irish Provincial Assembly before he could take his seat in Westminster.

When the scheme came before Lord Palmerston, that practiced statesman saw its weak point at once, and opposed it. As all know, this modification of Repeal fell to the ground; but the particulars of the proposed Bill have never before, we think, been made public. The scheme would certainly enable the Irish to protect their own local interests; but it is not likely to be acceptable to the Home Rulers of to-day.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE British political situation, elsewhere discussed, continues to excite attention abroad. The general opinion seems to be that Mr. Gladstone will not be able to carry his Irish scheme through the Commons; but, so far as appears, his own confidence as to the outcome has not been shaken. The Parnellites seem disposed to give him all the time he may need to mature his plans, evidently realizing that if he cannot solve the problem of Irish pacification, no living Englishman can. Mr. Parnell, in a recent interview, expressed entire confidence in the purpose of the Premier to settle the grave question on a just and permanent basis, but confessed some anxiety as to his health.

The House of Commons last week refused a second reading to the Church of Scotland Bill, which, opposing disestablishment, favors such reform of the Church as would practically amount to reconstruction. It aims, for instance, at removing all those obstacles which now exist to a reunion of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian with the Established Church. The Scotch Radicals are resolute in their opposition to this measure, and in this they receive the assistance of the Parnellites.

Russia still objects to a permanent union between Bulgaria and

Eastern Roumelia under Prince Alexander. She is said to be massing troops in Bessarabia, with a view of bringing a pressure upon the Prince and compelling him to abandon his claim to a life title to the Governorship of Eastern Roumelia.

It is announced that the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance into the priesthood of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. will be celebrated at the end of the present year with imposing demonstrations. Preparations for the event are already in progress on an elaborate scale. The Pope will mark the occasion by distributing a large number of gifts to needy churches throughout the Catholic world. During the last half-century the Catholic bishops in Asia have increased in numbers from twelve to twenty-six, besides which fifty Vicars Apostolic have been added to the Asiatic hierarchy, while the number of priests has risen from 600 to 1,400.

The British Commissioner in Egypt has been instructed to arrange for the reduction of the army of occupation by six regiments and the withdrawal of the British troops from Assuan.—The Primary Education Bill is under debate in the French Senate. M. Jules Simon, in the course of a speech on the subject, strongly denounced the giving to laymen the exclusive control of education.—The observance of the anniversary of the Commune in Paris, last week, was not marked by any manifestations of disorder.—The British House of Lords has adopted a resolution in favor of opening museums and libraries on Sundays.

In the recent awarding of contracts for Star Route service in nineteen States and Territories, a saving of \$287,639 over the last year's cost was effected by the Postal authorities, while at the same time the efficiency of the service has been increased. Many new routes have been established, others have been expedited, and none that were really necessary have been discontinued. The lingering abuses of the old system have now been almost entirely exterminated, and the Star Route service is conducted, as it should be, on honest business principles.

The prospects of the Morrison Tariff Bill do not improve. It is true that the Ways and Means Committee is giving it practical consideration, but the votes upon its provisions show that the work is prosecuted on strict party lines, and in such a condition of affairs it would be useless to expect that anything will be really accomplished. In point of fact, the opposition of the Southern Representatives to some features of the Bill settled its fate from the outset, and if Mr. Morrison had been wise, he would have made no further attempt to pass the scheme in its present shape.

The champions of unlimited silver coinage congratulate themselves, as they have considerable right to do, over the passage in the House of a resolution suspending the rules and making Bland's Bill for the free coinage of the present dollar the special order for certain specified days till final action can be had. Although the opponents of coinage called to their side all the advocates of the present rate of coinage of two millions a month only, the Bland resolution was passed by the unexpected vote of 179 to 87—more than two-thirds. This seems to indicate that a Bill for unlimited coinage will pass the lower branch of Congress, but its passage of the Senate is very doubtful, and there is no probability that it can be enacted into law over the inevitable veto of the President. But the vote apparently settles one thing: the coinage of two millions a month will not be stopped, and the hoard of standard dollars will increase.

MINIATURE-PAINTING is an art which, if not lost, has at least fallen into decline. Certainly the costly ivory miniatures of our fair grandmothers could not be reproduced to-day by the same process, with anything like satisfactory results. Something which is more than a substitute, however, is found in the curious and beautiful rock-crystal portraits which are now to be seen at Tiffany's and other leading jewelry stores of New York city. They are produced by a process known only to the inventor, Monsieur E. Irlande. The portrait is first vitrified upon the crystal, and then painted in oil colors, either in monochrome or in the style of the ivory miniature. It has all the artistic effect of the latter, while far surpassing it in fidelity of likeness. As M. Irlande's miniatures can be produced in flawless perfection down to the minutest size, they are certain to come into high favor for lockets, brooches, sleeve-buttons, and all kinds of artistic bijoux.

If we are as free from respect for tradition as we claim, there is no good reason why we should not adopt Senator Ingalls's proposition to change Inauguration Day from March 4th to April 30th. The present date interferes with the "short session" of Congress, and although it is unfortunately not certain that a lengthening of the session would in all cases involve valuable practical results, there are instances in which it might wisely be extended. Besides, the first week of March is one of the most inclement seasons of the year, and this constitutes another reason for the proposed change. The inauguration brings a crowd of strangers to Washington, is accompanied by more or less outdoor demonstrations, and necessitates considerable exposure on the part of thousands of people. If it is just as easy to choose a pleasant season, why not do it? It may be undesirable to keep tinkering the Constitution, but the Constitution will survive the proposed amendment.

THE Electoral Count Bill has at length passed the Senate, and it is to be hoped that it will speedily receive the favorable consideration of the House. The Bill provides that in case there is but one return, it shall not be rejected except by the concurrence of both Houses. Where the State itself may provide for the decision of questions of difference by a law passed more than six days before the meeting of the Electoral College, the decision is to be taken as valid. The Bill also provides that the Governor of each State shall immediately transmit to the Secretary of State of the United States a certificate of the electoral vote, and for the usual certificates to the electors, for delivery to the President of the Senate. The weak point of the Act is, that it fails to provide for the settlement by Congress of a case in which opposing sets of returns may be made from any State. Nor does it settle the question as to what shall be done in a case where, by the rejection of the vote of a State, neither candidate shall have a majority of the whole number of electoral votes.

THERE are two hopeful signs of a wholesome reaction from the Chinese craze—the one local, the other general. In Portland, Oregon, the leading citizens held a public meeting in which they declared their purpose to aid in suppressing the lawlessness which has been resorted to in that Territory to drive out the Chinese. The spirit of this meeting, in which 1,500 citizens participated, may be inferred from the language of one of its resolutions, which declared: "We will not allow any one to be prevented, through vio-

lence or intimidation, from working for a livelihood or be driven from house or home; and we pledge our means, and, if necessary, our lives; to uphold these principles, and we will do all in our power to bring condign punishment on any and all who may be found engaged in riotous and unlawful conduct." This is one of the two significant signs. Then the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, under the lead of Perry Belmont, its chairman, has set aside the Bills intended to abrogate the treaty with China, in order to consider first, as of immediate importance, the question of indemnity to the Chinese who have suffered in property or person through mob violence. A letter from the Secretary of State, supposed to represent the feelings and wishes of the President, was read to the Committee with striking effect. It is doubtful now if either of the anti-Chinese Bills can get through the House this year.

A BILL was recently introduced into the Iowa Legislature which provides that, before a man can marry in that State, he must prove his ability to support a wife. No doubt much misery, destitution and even crime, results from improvident marriages; and this being admitted, the right of the law-making power to prevent such unions is undoubted. Unquestionably, such a restriction of individual freedom of action would be regarded as a great hardship and injustice by those who would be prevented by it from following the promptings of the most universal of instincts. But however Malthusian such a prohibition of unsuitable marriages might be regarded here, such a law has been long in force in Germany, and has been found to work well. With a continuance of the present rapid increase of population throughout the civilized world, and the gradual narrowing of the area of occupation, the day is not far distant when the progeny of a superior parentage will be regarded as a desirable addition to the population, and other limitations besides the inability to support a wife may be proposed by social economists.

We are glad to observe that Mr. Oakes, of Alabama, has introduced a resolution in the House intended to put a stop to a very scandalous practice, viz., that of turning the funerals of members of Congress, whose bodies are sent home to their families for burial, into so many costly spears at the expense of the nation. There is often great zeal on the part of convivial Congressmen to get appointed on the committees which form the escort upon such occasions; and having succeeded in this, they procure a supply of the costliest edibles, liquors and cigars, and proceed to turn the funeral procession into a carousal, to their own disgrace and that of the country. It is time that a custom so indecent were frowned upon by the law and its administrators. When it is understood that the Government will not pay for such guzzling, the abuse will stop, or at least be greatly diminished. General Hancock, when he found that the occupants of one or two cars in Grant's funeral procession had made arrangements for a convivial time, warned them that if they did not desist the cars in which they were riding would be dropped from the train. This brought them to order very quickly.

THE House investigation of the Pan-electric Telephone affair has gone quite far enough to reveal the true character of that enterprise. It may not indeed be quite so bad in principle as the "sawdust game," but, unmistakably, it was a scheme for putting money into the pockets of a set of adventurers by a prostitution of the powers of the General Government, through the personal influence of men in high places, who were to be furnished with plausible excuses for preferring their private interests to the public welfare. The testimony upon this point is positive and explicit. It shows that stock was offered right and left to members of Congress and other public officials, that it was in some cases accepted, and that it is still held by these recipients. When the stock was distributed, not a dollar of capital had been paid in, and there was no prospect that any cash subscriptions would be secured unless they could be induced by the apparent indorsement given to the enterprise by public officials. It is to be hoped that the inquiry now in progress will be prosecuted until the conspiracy is disclosed in all its ramifications. In such a case no considerations of a party nature can be allowed. The guilty individuals must be sternly condemned, whether they belong to one party or another.

THE decision of Referee Cole that William S. Warner, who induced Ferdinand Ward by threats and cajolery to transfer to him a million and a quarter of dollars as "profits," must return the money to the firm of Grant & Ward and its creditors, is one which will meet with universal approval. The finding is in accordance with law and common sense. It is now well known that the firm of Grant & Ward never had any real assets except those which it borrowed; that it never made any money; that it was bankrupt from the day of its organization; and that therefore the pretense that it realized any "profits" to hand over to Warner or anybody else is preposterous. Whether Warner knew all this, Mr. Cole is not certain; but it is a question of small consequence. He knows it now, and he knew it long before the suit was brought, but has made no attempt to return the illicit gains. And if Warner must return his "profits," so must others who accepted that peculiar revenue; so that it may be that the bankrupt firm's honest creditors may yet get some of their money back. The lesson of this, as far as Warner is concerned, is that honesty is the best policy; that a frank, straightforward course is always best. The next thing is to get the money to which Warner has so long clung, and which he has very likely done his best to conceal in view of this very contingency.

It is obvious that "Sam" Jones will find an ample field in Chicago for his peculiar evangelistic talents. If there ever was a city which needed a moral upheaval, it is that. That fearless and enterprising journal, the *Daily News*, has just published an array of facts as to the relation of many of the city officials to the criminal classes which discloses a condition of affairs that has scarcely ever been matched. The *News* revelations show that the Mayor, nine members of the present City Council, several present and ex-County Commissioners, and a number of leading politicians, are proprietors and part proprietors of some of the worst "dives," gambling-hells and disorderly houses in the city; and that these men employ their authority to make inoperative city and State laws relating to the public morals, while pretending to the public to be anxious for their enforcement. The charges thus made are based upon evidence which is absolutely conclusive, and if there is any vigor at all in the courts and the officers of the law, we may hope that the corrupt and shameless ring which is thus exposed will be speedily broken down, and its members brought to deserved punishment. No city can long maintain itself against the odium which such disclosures must entail, and the debauchery of public morals consequent upon the toleration of official vice; and Chicago will be false to its own best interests if it shall fail to bring to judgment every official whose offenses against social order can be clearly established.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



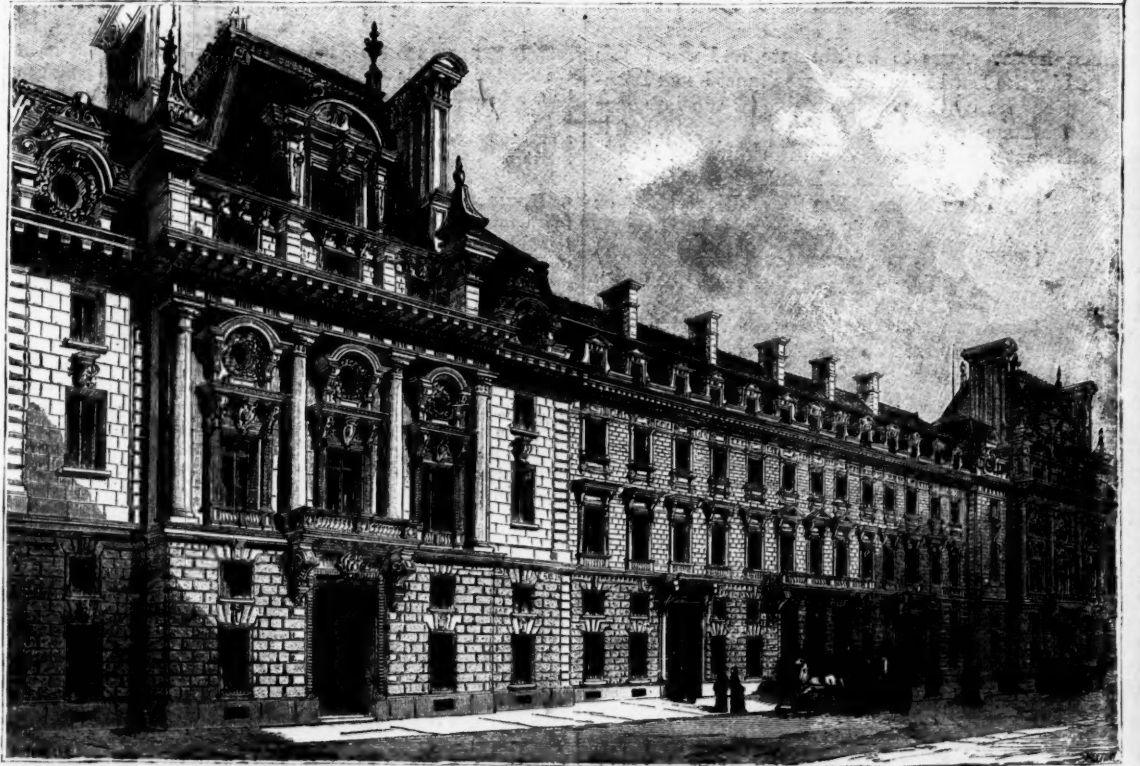
GREECE.—INFANTRY MANŒUVRING IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, AT ATHENS.



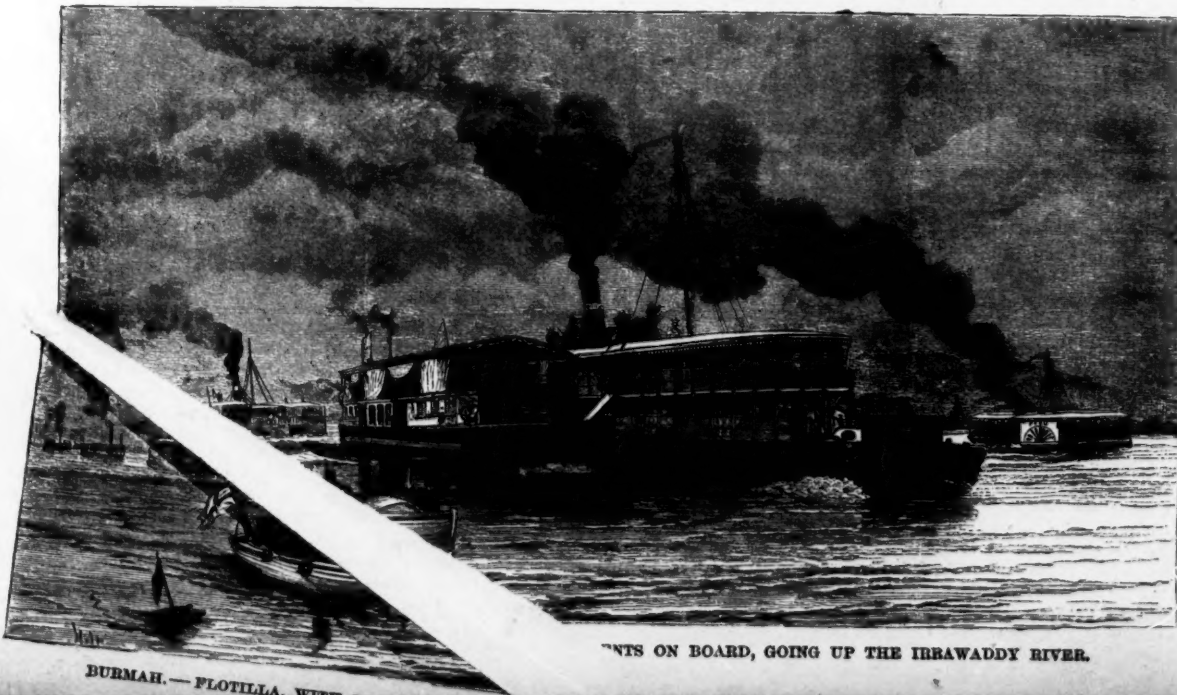
FRANCE.—MODEL OF THE GAMBETTA MONUMENT, AT THE ATELIER OF THE SCULPTOR, M. AUBÉ, IN PARIS.



SERVIA.—M. C. MIJATOVICH, SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO NEGOTIATE WITH BULGARIA.



FRANCE.—FAÇADE OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE, PARIS.



BURMAH.—FLOTILLA, WITH

ENTS ON BOARD, GOING UP THE IRRAWADDY RIVER.



RUSSIA.—N. M. PRSHEWALSKI, RUSSIAN ASIATIC EXPLORER.

THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.

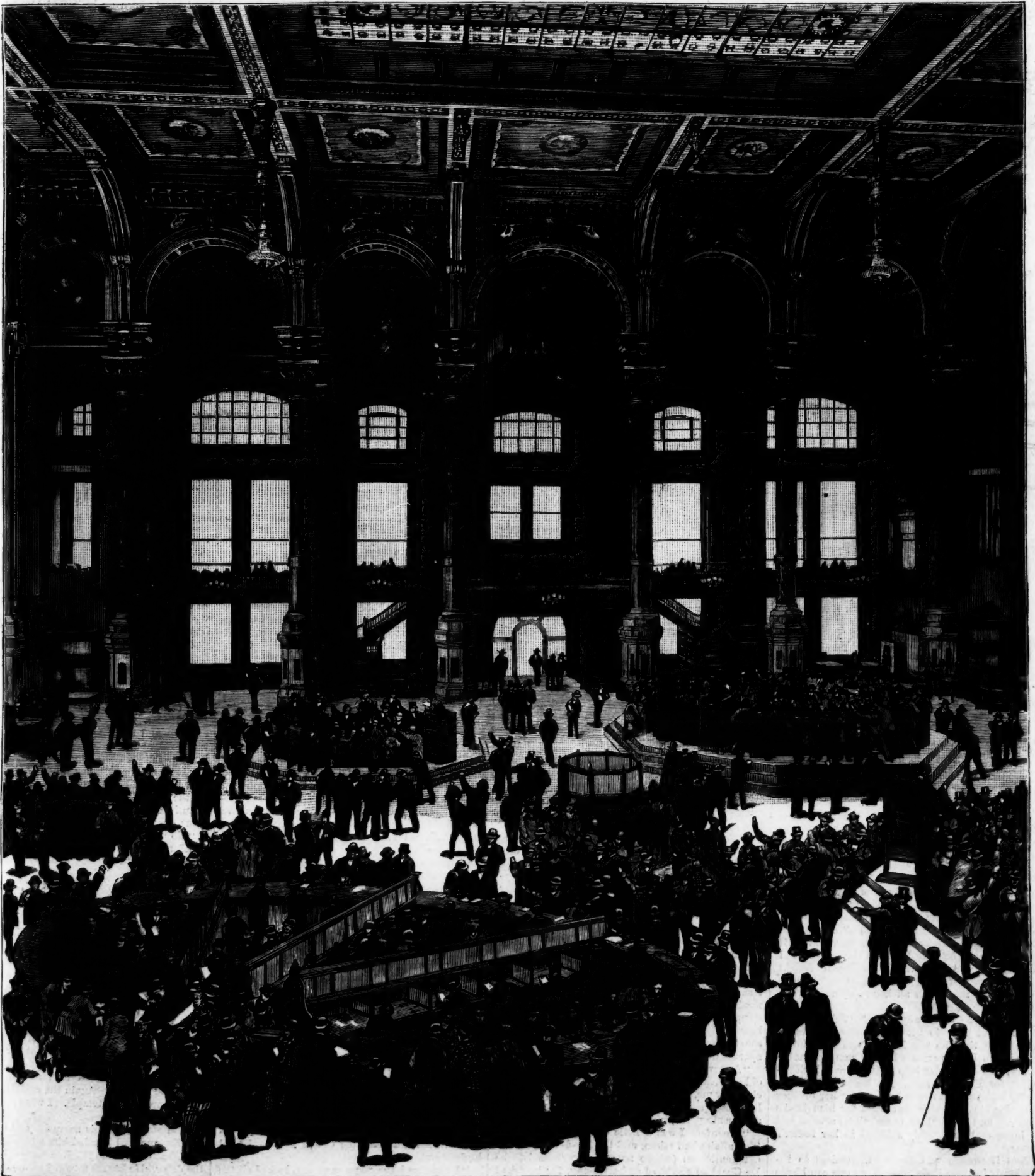
THE new building of the Chicago Board of Trade is one of the finest structures, devoted to commerce, in the world. Its corner-stone was laid in December, 1882; and its formal opening last Spring was pictorially recorded in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. This week we again illustrate the Western temple of trade, as it appears at the present time, with the Board in active occupancy. It covers an area of 39,000 square feet, having a northern frontage on Jackson Street, and running back on Sherman Street and Pacific Avenue. Its grand tower, 304 feet high, dominates busy La Salle Street in the same manner that Trinity spire does Wall Street in New York. The exterior walls of the building, with the exception of the rear one, are of granite, quarried and cut on Fox Island, off the coast of Maine. Over 150,000 cubic yards of this beautiful stone are employed, and the walls are backed with brick. The structure, while internally a consistent whole, gives from an exterior point of view the idea of a dual design. That portion devoted to the main Exchange Hall extends the whole width of the lot, 173 feet wide by 153 feet deep; south of this is the portion assigned to offices and the "Call" Room, 72 feet on the side streets and covering the whole width of the lot. The walls of the Exchange Hall, from sidewalk to cornice, are 108 feet high;



CONNECTICUT.—CHARLES LYMAN, NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 87.



ILLINOIS.—JOHN H. OBERLY, NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
PHOTO. BY GARRETT.—SEE PAGE 87.



ILLINOIS.—THE GREAT HALL OF THE BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CHICAGO—SCENE DURING A SESSION OF THE BOARD.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

those of the office part are 156 feet high, and 178 to the apex of the pavilion. Above the east and west corners of the building are large sculptured pediments; and under various projections grotesque caryatids and carved supports are frequent. The principal entrance is under the tower, through a grand passageway 32 feet wide and 44 feet high, over which a graceful balcony, with colossal statues of "Commerce" and "Agriculture" on either side, is supported by pilasters of polished granite. The interior of the building is as elaborately ornamented as it is commodious and well-organized. The great Exchange Hall, approached by a broad stairway from the north entrance, is 144 x 161 feet in its smallest dimensions, and has a ceiling 80 feet above the floor, with a spacious stained-glass skylight in the centre. Stained glass, indeed, is a noticeable feature of the decoration of the place; while the columns around the hall, and the frescoing of walls and ceiling, are admirable and effective. About twenty feet from the north end of the room eight elegant columns support a gallery, some twenty feet above the floor, and extending nearly across the building. The tables, desks, trading-platforms, etc., are convenient and highly finished. There is a special "booth" for telegraphic instruments, and pneumatic tubes connect with the operating-rooms of the several telegraph companies. The "Call" Room, in the southeast corner of the building, is 61 x 72 feet in area, and 32 feet high, and has a gallery capable of seating 200 persons. The rooms of the officials of the Board, committees, etc., occupy the southwest corner of the building. A large amount of rentable office-room remaining after these and all other requirements of the Board are fulfilled, the latter has its magnificent quarters free of rent, besides a considerable revenue to assist in paying its other expenses.

The entire cost of the building, including the ground, was \$1,740,000. Its architect was Mr. W. W. Boyington, one of the oldest and most eminent representatives of his profession in the City of Chicago; and his work will stand for ages, a monument to the enterprise of one of the great commercial organizations of the world.

IN VAIN.

SHE looked a lovely lady stepped
From out some dainty old-time sonnet;
Her powdered hair was like a crown,
Her fan had butterflies upon it;
The Springtime in her face looked down,
And laughed at her quaint antique gown.

Her head she carried gracefully,
As doth its flower the daffodilly,
The pearls upon her snowy neck
Were like fresh dewdrops on a lily;
Her smile was like May mornings clear,
And I had loved her for a year.

In the conservatory dim,
We sat apart from the gay dancers;
The fair old-fashioned moon looked in—
To my wild thoughts gave soothing answers,
And lent a romance and delight
Unto the perfumed candlelight.

I longed to tell her all my hopes—
Far wiser were it not to dally;
I tried to think how in some books,
Lord John proposed to his fair Sallie;
But all in vain—so down I knelt,
And wildly stammered all I felt.

A look of horror filled her face,
Her smile was like the Winter ocean;
Her words fell like a bitter rain
Upon the fire of my emotion.
"I might have listened, Mr. Orme,
If you had sued in better form.

"But though in best society
The styles antique are quite in fashion,
There's nothing half so out of date
As is the ardent old-time passion;
And he who would his breeding prove,
Falls just the very least in love!"

SUSAN HARTLEY.

JOHN'S STORY.

By FANNIE ISABEL SHERRICK.

"WELL, would you like to hear my adventure in New Orleans?" John Bright leaned his elbow on the arm of the red plush chair in which he sat, with a thoughtful look in his dark-blue eyes.

"Why, yes, of course."
"By all means."

Eugene Carthon and his sister looked eagerly at the handsome blonde in front of them.

They had been talking about the New Orleans Exposition, which all had visited the Winter before, and naturally their conversation had drifted into personal reminiscences and criticisms on the ways and manners of the people of that beautiful Southern city.

"Did you really have an adventure?" asked Nell, eying him questioningly from under her long dark lashes. They had intended to meet in the Crescent City, but through some misunderstanding the Carthon family had missed him. Nell had always felt a little aggrieved over this, just as if John had really been to blame in the matter, and all allusion to their sojourn in the South brought back that vague feeling of disappointment which had mingled itself with all her enjoyments while there.

Not that she cared anything for John Bright. Oh, no; not even to herself did she ever admit that. But then he was Eugene's most intimate friend, and he was such a bright, companionable fellow, how could she help liking him a little?—"just for Eugene's sake, you know." She sincerely believed that it was her love for her brother that made her so solicitous always for his friend's comfort and so anxious to make him always feel at home and thoroughly welcome in her father's house.

And if women will deceive themselves so ingeniously in these little matters, no one can blame them. The reality seems all the prettier when they surprise themselves into the admission, one day, that brotherly love is not such a powerful motor after all.

"Well, go on with your story," said Eugene,

lighting a cigarette, with his sister's permission, and puffing away expectantly. "I'll be getting drowsy, presently, if you don't wake me up with your thrilling episode."

"Well"—John twirled his blonde mustache reflectively, ignoring the last remark—"I was walking down Canal Street one afternoon, when it began to rain—"

"Remarkable! when it was in the rainy season," interrupted Eugene, who seemed determined not to be led into thinking his friend had met with any extraordinary adventure.

"Eugene, do hush!" Nell said, imploringly; but John did not seem to mind his friend's quizzing in the least.

"As I said, I was walking down Canal Street, when it began to rain, not violently, but enough to make a man feel uncomfortable, and the feathers on a woman's bonnet limp. Fortunately I had an umbrella, which, of course, I immediately raised. Just as I did so, a young lady came out of one of the large drygoods stores behind me. She stood irresolute for a moment as though nonplussed by the rain, yet an evident anxiety possessing her to reach the car."

"Instantly I found myself in a strange dilemma. What should I do? There was a young lady, delicate and beautiful, richly attired in garments which the rain would certainly damage, without the slightest protection from the elements; while I, not three feet distant, was possessed of an umbrella amply large enough to shelter two. It seemed like a piece of impertinence, yet on the impulse of the moment I mustered all my gallantry, and, stepping forward, offered to escort her to the car."

"To my surprise, and I must say pleasure, she accepted gratefully, and we walked to the next corner to meet the car. I noted then the extreme loveliness of her beauty, which was of the pure Creole type, and the marvelous finish of her toilet, which showed in its richness of coloring the Southern taste. I could not censure her for her hesitation in exposing herself to the disastrous effects of the rain."

At this juncture Nell, curled up on one end of the sofa with her Kensington in her lap, looked very grave. She could not quite approve of handsome blonde strangers offering umbrellas to unknown ladies. It might have been the "extreme loveliness" of the Creole belle which made the offense so heinous in her eyes, but she would have been shocked had you suggested such a thing.

"When we reached the corner there was no car," John continued. "Being in 'Mardi-gras' time, there was always more or less delay. When the car did arrive, it was so crowded there was not a foothold. The next and the next proved to be the same. Unconsciously we walked on, the young lady by an almost imperceptible guidance directing our footsteps. We walked along the Rue Royal quite into the heart of the old French town, the young lady scarcely seeming aware of the fact that we had traversed so many blocks. I was too delighted with her bright conversation and naïveté to wish to deceive her, and so we walked along until she stopped suddenly in front of one of those gloomy French houses, so dreary in exterior appearance, but often beautiful and gay within. A high wall surrounded the dwelling, surmounted by nails driven in so that the points projected upward, a sure safeguard against marauders. As usual, a high balcony graced the front of the house. From the gate—a massive iron-barred one—a stone paved led up to the old-fashioned door."

"I feel very grateful," she said, lifting her big eyes to mine with a shadow of timidity in their depths which made them all the lovelier; and, she hesitated a little, "I know my father would wish to thank you also, if—if—"

"If you only knew whom to thank," I added, with a conscious shame at my own lack of courtesy. Now, I don't know what devilry prompted me to the action, but instead of handing her my own card, I gave her one of Frank Smith's, a young fellow rooming with me at the St. Charles, a drummer for a large hat firm in Detroit. His name graced the card in full, and also 'Tremoine & Leeman,' the name of the firm he was connected with. It was a foolish thing to do, yet I never expected to see the young lady again, and I suppose it occurred to me that it would be a good joke on Smith."

"To my great astonishment, she recognized the firm name."

"You must come in and see my father," she said. "Mr. Tremoine is an old friend of ours, and he will be so delighted to see you."

"Into what kind of a scrape had I gotten myself? I declined as courteously as possible, trying to hasten away; but just then an old gentleman appeared at the door, in answer to our ring at the gate, for, as you remember, in New Orleans most of the bells are on the front gate."

"In a few words the young lady explained the situation. With a true Southern hospitality he invited me to enter, thanking me in most voluble terms for my kindness to his daughter. Seeing I would offend by not accepting their invitation, I stepped in with them. As usual in these French houses, the hall led into a little barren-looking court. From this, however, we entered into an apartment elegantly furnished."

"A servant took my umbrella and hat, and the old gentleman pushed forward a handsome easy-chair for me, seating himself near me. The young lady disappeared, reappearing in a little while in a charming dinner-dress of garnet satin."

"I confess I was a little dazed by the sudden turn affairs had taken, and the tête-à-tête with the old gentleman (whose name I ascertained to be De Chartre) was most embarrassing, for he asked me a score of questions about Detroit and the people there, all of which I, never having been in that city, was obliged to answer at random, or from vague reminiscences of what Smith had told me casually."

"I tried in vain to turn the subject, and had almost given myself up to a desperate fibbing, when I chanced to perceive that a piano was behind me. During a momentary lull in the conversation, in which De Chartre was probably trying to reconcile my rambling information with his own knowledge and conjectures, I turned to the young lady, requesting some music."

"To my relief she consented immediately, thus saving her father from any further surprises in the way of chaotic guessing on my part. She sang and played quite prettily, and I found myself even more prepossessed than I had been at first."

"After she had played several songs, I rose to go, but as I did so, dinner was announced, and I was urgently invited by them both to remain. Again I saw that to refuse would be to offend, so, in order to preserve Smith's reputation from further damage, I accepted, resolving that I would exert my talents to the utmost in being entertaining. You see, I wanted them to speak a good word for Smith if ever they should chance to communicate with this Tremoine, whom I heartily wished at the bottom of the sea."

"The dinner was served in good style, and quite enjoyed by Smith, who was sometimes rather dilatory in responding to his name, but who managed to keep the upper hand in the conversation, not allowing the old gentleman a single gap in which to insert his inquiries about Detroit and the Tremoines."

"After dinner we adjourned to the parlor—that is, the young lady and myself—the old gentleman going off for a smoke, in which I declined to join him."

"The rain, which had been mild at first, now turned into a raging torrent. It beat savagely against the windows, and the wind swept mournfully through the court. Now and then it crept under the doors and into the room, bringing a faint scent of the orange-blossoms that were being swept from their stems on the bending trees without. But the inclemency of the weather outside only made the comfort and brightness of the apartment seem more perfect."

"With such a charming hostess the moments sped swiftly. I became more and more enthralled with her dark eyes and her gracious manner, so typical of the grace which has made the Creole women celebrated. Besides, the novelty of the situation made it seem tenfold more attractive. I began to tremble vaguely for Smith's peace of mind. It would be superhuman for a man to resist the fascination of this lovely Creole. I don't know to what length I might have committed myself, had not the door opened and Monsieur de Chartre once more appeared upon the scene. As it was, I think he surprised me saying some foolishly tender things to his daughter."

"I looked at my watch. A flush of shame crept over me. It was past ten o'clock. I felt that I had infringed on the hospitality extended to me. I began to apologize, but Monsieur de Chartre stopped me."

"My dear sir," he said, cordially, "you cannot go out in such a storm. I will not permit it. My home is large. We have ample accommodations. Remain with us to-night."

"I hesitated a moment; the rain beating on the window-pane seemed dismal enough. Besides, I was in a part of the city with which I was unfamiliar. I might lose my way and wander about those narrow streets for hours; and then, blood-curdling tales came back to me of strangers who had been robbed and half murdered in those dark thoroughfares. I had a valuable watch and chain and quite a sum of money about me, which I would not care to lose. I confess the idea of venturing out into that pitiless storm, in the heart of the high-walled, mysterious French town, unprotected by a weapon of any sort, rather dismayed me. Yet I remembered that I had made arrangements to leave the city in the morning, and my train left at six; and I intimated as much to Monsieur de Chartre."

"That will not incommode us at all," he said, politely. "I will leave word with one of the servants to unlatch the door and gate at five. You can rise then, and leave the house at your pleasure. If you desire a cup of coffee, Jacques will have it ready for you."

"I thanked him sincerely. I could not feel grateful enough for such a warm and cordial hospitality. It is true indeed that these Southerners have the kindest and most hospitable hearts in the world. An old and valued friend of the family could scarcely have been treated more kindly than I, a complete stranger, save for the slight stamp of genuineness which 'Tremoine & Leeman' gave me in this most elegant and beautiful home, every part of which betokened the wealth and position of the owner."

"A few moments later Jacques came to show me to my room. With a lingering glance, I bade the young lady good-night. It seemed to me that her beautiful eyes were filled with a shadow of regret for our brief acquaintance. Her father followed me to the court without giving me several messages for Mr. Tremoine and other friends in Detroit, all of which I promised to carry faithfully. Then, with a courtly good-night, he intrusted me to the care of the waiting African attendant."

"My apartment was handsomely furnished, in keeping with the rest of the house. It was apparently a back room connecting with one in the front of the house by heavy folding-doors, across which a rich crimson portiere fell."

"Jacques brought me a pitcher of fresh water and some clean towels, and then, mumbling something in his unintelligible Creole French, bowed himself out."

"I examined the room carefully, looked all the doors except the folding one, which I found fastened on the other side, and went to sleep thinking what a capital joke this was on Smith, who was undoubtedly reposing beautifully in No. 105, at the St. Charles, unconscious of the strange euca-

pade I had gotten him into. I resolved to write to the young lady as soon as I left the city, informing her of my little deception, and introducing the original Smith, whom I was quite sure would fall head over ears in love with her at sight. Poor Smith, I was just napping out his future most beautifully, when Morpheus seized me and carried me off into dreamland."

"About midnight I was awakened by a slight noise in the room. I listened, but all was as still as death. Apparently the whole household had fallen into slumber. I attributed the sound to my own imagination, and was about to compose myself to slumber, when a cold chill crept over me. I was sensible of a near presence. The room was intensely dark, and I could see nothing. Neither could my faculties, which were now thoroughly acute, perceive the slightest movement or sound. Yet my blood ran cold with the premonition of evil. I could feel a cold sweat breaking out all over me—the chill crept to the very roots of my hair."

"With a sudden bound I leaped from the bed. The matches were on a table near. I struck one and looked around, half expecting to see some uncanny shape leap out of the gloom and attack me, but the room was empty. I lit the lamp and examined the apartment carefully, but all was secure as when I retired."

"With an impatient condemnation of my weakness, I went to bed again, leaving the lamp burning low. As I am no believer in haunted houses and my digestion is unusually good, I soon sank into a deep slumber."

"About two hours later, however, I was again awakened by that mysterious sensation. Again the cold chills, betokening some evil, unknown presence, crept over me. A terrible presentiment took possession of me. I dared not move for a second. My knees trembled, the cold drops of moisture stood on my brow. What could it be—this awful presence that seemed to lay cold fingers upon me in the darkness and wake me from my sleep? I lay there shivering as though chilled by some actual, icy touch for a moment, then my healthy, vigorous physique reasserted itself. I was no coward even to myself. I rose stealthily and crept to the light, turning the full blaze on suddenly."

"A change in the room startled me. The heavy portiere was thrown aside, the folding-doors stood wide open. Resolved to penetrate this mystery, I stepped into the other room."

"A cry of horror escaped me as I did so. I stood in the middle of the floor, petrified, the very blood freezing in my veins. There on the bed lay a man with his throat gashed from ear to ear, the red blood oozing slowly upon the white counterpane and the rich carpet beneath. His wide eyes were upturned to the ceiling, his white face transfixed with the death-agony."

"For a second I stood there as if frozen to the spot, my senses reeling, my hands clinched in a sudden agony of mortal terror; then like a flash of lightning the truth swept over me. A terrible crime had been committed. The responsibility was to be laid on me. In the morning the police would come to arrest me. What vestige of power would I have to disprove it?"

"With a sudden, quick energy, born of desperation, I went to my room and dressed myself, leaving not the slightest trace of my presence there. Assuring myself that not a card or a slip of paper was left as a clue to my identity, I took my boots in my hand and crept noiselessly down the stairway."

"When I reached the door beyond the court, I shrank back in dismay. I had forgotten it would be locked and barred. I entered the apartment where I had been entertained the night before, hoping to find a window unbolted. To my surprise I heard voices and perceived a light emanating from the room adjoining. The door between was slightly ajar. I walked breathlessly across the room and peeped through the crevice."

"Horror of horrors! What did I see there? The fine, courtly old gentleman of the night before seated at a faro-table, surrounded by a motley crowd—and my fine young lady, the brilliant, sweet-voiced enchantress of the dinner-table, dealing out faro-blanks, opposite!"

"It was enough. I turned away, realizing then that I was in New Orleans. I had gotten into one of the worst dens of the French city, and the beautiful Creole was probably one of the notorious characters I had so often read of."

"No wonder my blood ran cold. What if I could not escape? These were desperate characters, with whom I could not cope. The outlook was terrifying."

"I tried each window cautiously. They all resisted my efforts to raise them; all but the last—that yielded a little. I struggled mightily, with the strength of despair. In doing so my hand touched a spring which I had not perceived before. In an instant the window was pushed up noiselessly, and with a stealthy bound I leaped through, landing unhurt on the ground a few feet below."

"But what to do next? There was that wall, surrounded by its rows of sharp nails. It would have been madness to have attempted to scale it. The gate was barred and fastened with a heavy chain. I could not cry out for assistance; that would have meant certain death from those desperate, dark-browed men at the faro table. What should I do? Again the cold drops of moisture dampened my temple. I was frantic. What should I do?"

John stopped in his narrative and lit the cigarette Eugene had handed him a little while before.

"What did you do?" Eugene was impatient of the delay. He leaned forward anxiously. His own cigarette had gone out. He had forgotten it in his absorbing interest.

"Yes, what did you do?" Nell repeated the question with a terrible anxiety in her brown eyes. Her Kensington lay unheeded on the floor,

her elbows rested on her knees, one hand supporting her dimpled, eager face. Her breath came short and fast. She awaited the sequel with sympathizing, anxious eyes.

"Why?" John gave an energetic puff at his cigarette—"I awoke!"

Eugene sank back in his chair, and Nell collapsed physically and mentally, picking up her work with a disgusted air.

"Sold, by Jove!" exclaimed Eugene, after a pause, looking admiringly at his friend. "It is the best sell of the season."

"Oh, you horrible wretch!" cried Nell, when she had recovered her breath; "and so it was all a dream?"

"Yes," answered John, coldly. "I awoke in No. 105, at the St. Charles, with Smith asking me if I mistook him for a brick wall or a lamp-post, that I was pounding him so vigorously."

Nell did not seem to care much for the sell so long as the beautiful Creole had proved a myth. The story had awakened her consciousness a little, and she seemed a little shyer of John for several days afterwards. But I am happy to say that she was a sensible girl, and when John asked her if she only loved him for "Eugene's sake," she answered, candidly, "No." Thus came the sequel to "John's Story."

THE WRECK OF THE "OREGON."

THE Cunard Line steamship *Oregon*, one of the noblest of the ocean fleet, lies at the bottom of the Atlantic, off Fire Island, beneath twenty fathoms of water. This wreck means a loss of \$2,000,000 in money; but, from a combination of fortunate circumstances, and partly as a result of the general good behavior of the people who were on board the vessel, passengers and crew, numbering altogether 925 persons, were rescued without an accident.

The *Oregon* left Queenstown on Sunday, the 7th inst. On the morning of the Sunday following (the 14th inst.), before daylight, she had sighted the Fire Island light, and was bowling along at the rate of eighteen knots an hour towards the Sandy Hook Lightship, some forty miles to westward. The sky was dark, and the sea was smooth. Suddenly, at 4:30 A. M., Chief Officer W. G. Matthews, who was in charge on the bridge, saw a flash of bright light a little way ahead, on the port bow. He also caught, or imagined he caught, a glimpse of the sails of a schooner. He instantly ordered the helm put hard-aport, thinking to clear the craft in the way of the steamer; but the next instant came the shock of a collision. The steamer was struck almost amidships, and the water immediately began rushing in through two large holes in No. 3 hold, near the coal-bunkers. The forward and after compartments were closed before the water got too much headway, and this kept the vessel afloat for several hours, enabling all on board to escape. Strange to relate, nothing more was seen of the mysterious schooner to which the mischief is attributed. Not a sign was observed, not a cry heard. The steamer continued on her course for some time after the collision.

There was naturally a great deal of confusion and terror amongst the passengers on board the steamer when they learned what had happened; but they were quick to follow the example of coolness and courage set by Captain Cottier and his officers. The captain, finding it useless to attempt to beach his ship, on account of the engine-rooms being flooded, at once directed his energies to getting off the passengers. Rockets and guns were fired, but no attention was paid to them by one or two outward-bound steamships which passed. The ship's boats were lowered, and filled with passengers, the women being taken care of first. Good order seems to have prevailed, except in the case of a number of coal-passers, who were insubordinate, and took forcible possession of one of the boats.

It was long after daylight when the pilot-boat No. 11 and the schooner *Fanny H. Gorham* came up and took the shipwrecked passengers on board. This consumed more time, and it was nearly noon before the transfer was made. Then the North German Lloyd steamer *Fulda*, which had been left behind by the *Oregon* in the race across the ocean, came along, and at once lay to, offering timely aid to her rival. After three hours' labor, all the wrecked people were taken on board the German steamer, which lay at anchor off Sandy Hook all night, and landed them safely in New York on Monday morning.

The *Oregon* went down shortly after the arrival of the *Fulda*. Captain Ringk, of the latter vessel, describes the sight as a most impressive one. "When I first came up with her," he says, "she was down at the head. Gradually she sank lower and lower, and all at once her head plunged out of sight under the sea and her stern came up like a teeter-board. The stern rose so high in the air that you could see her screw-wheel. She remained in that duck-like position for a while, and then by degrees again she settled at the stern and went down as gracefully as though gliding off the cradles at a launch. It was all over in a minute or two, although as we all looked at the lovely creature in her helpless condition it seemed like a much longer time."

The *Oregon* was formerly the fastest of the ocean steamers, having made the trip from New York to Queenstown (December, 1884), in six days, six hours, and forty-one minutes. The record has since been lowered by the *Etruria*, also of the Cunard line, to six days, five hours, and forty-four minutes. The gross tonnage of the *Oregon* was about 7,500 tons. Her cargo, about 1,850 tons, valued at \$250,000, was lost, together with the baggage of the passengers. Of the 598 bags of mail on board, only 118 were saved. The wreck lies about fifteen miles from the shore. It is not likely that it will be raised, and diving operations will be practicable only in calm weather.

NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, last week, nominated Charles Lyman, of Connecticut, to be a Civil Service Commissioner in the place of Dorman B. Eaton, resigned, and John H. Oberly, of Illinois, to be a Commissioner in place of William L. Trenholm, of South Carolina, nominated for Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Lyman, whose appointment has given general satisfaction, was born in Bolton, Conn., April 10th, 1843. His father was a farmer, and young Lyman worked on the farm in Summer, and attended school in Winter, until he was sixteen years of age. At the age of seventeen he became a teacher, at the same time attending the Rockville High School and a private academy. In 1862 he entered the Union

Army, and was a non-commissioned and commissioned officer of the Fourteenth Regiment, Connecticut Infantry, with which he served during all its operations with the Army of the Potomac.

After leaving the Army, Mr. Lyman took a commercial college course, and at the same time taught school for one year. The education received in private schools was supplemented by a course of close study at home, and it may be said that Mr. Lyman has never ceased to be a student. In 1874 he graduated from the National Law School, at Washington, D. C. In December, 1864, he was appointed a clerk in the Second Auditor's office, and was twice promoted upon his merits in that office. In August, 1869, he was transferred to the Office of the Treasury, as Assistant Chief of Division. For two years he had entire charge of the Civil Service examinations under General Grant's Administration. July 1st, 1878, he was appointed Chief Clerk of the Treasurer's office, and retained this position until appointed Chief Examiner of the Civil Service by President Arthur, in May, 1883, in which position he remained until the 16th inst., when President Cleveland appointed Mr. Lyman a Civil Service Commissioner. He is an eminently practical man, and for this reason, not less than for his familiarity with the public service, he may be expected to prove signally efficient in the position to which he has been elevated.

Mr. John H. Oberly, who succeeds Mr. Trenholm as a member of the Commission, is a native of Ohio, having been born at Cincinnati on December 5th, 1837. His parents were of the good old German stock, or the "Pennsylvania Dutch," who migrated from Freeport, in the Keystone State, to Ohio. He attended the common schools, but his principal education was received in the printing-office of the *Wooster Republican*, where he was apprenticed when quite young, and remained until he was sixteen years of age. From Wooster he removed to Memphis, Tenn., where he finished his trade and became a "journeyman" printer. The breaking out of the Civil War found Mr. Oberly engaged in a very successful business, and one of the owners of the *Memphis Bulletin* Publishing House. When Fort Sumter was bombarded Mr. Oberly and his partners were engaged in "setting up" "Hardee's Tactics." But before "working off" the edition, he was escorted "over the border" by a Memphis vigilance committee with all the honors of a Union Democrat, and with the whole boundless continent before him in which to choose a field of duty. He returned to his old home in Wooster, O., and became editor of the *Democrat*. Here he took to himself a wife, which proved to be the greatest "take" of his life. In 1864-65 he returned to Memphis, and, after remaining there about a year, he went to Cairo, Ill., and conducted the *Democrat* for two years. He then (1868) started the *Bulletin*, and continued to publish it until 1880, when he severed his connection with it, started the *Bulletin* of Bloomington, Ill., and conducted that journal until 1884, when he disposed of his interest in the establishment.

In 1869, Mr. Oberly was elected Mayor of Cairo, Ill.; in 1872 he was elected to the Illinois Legislature, and was a member of that body in 1873-74, and framed the present railroad law, as the best the people could get under the rulings and decisions of the Supreme Court, and the one now in force in that State. Governor Cullom (now United States Senator) appointed Mr. Oberly as the Democratic member of the Railroad Commission, in 1877, and this office he held for four years. Mr. Oberly never lost his interest in the business to which he was trained, and in 1866 he was elected a delegate to the National Typographical Union, which convened in Chicago. He presided over its deliberations, and on his motion its title was changed to "The International Typographical Union," that by which it is still known. He also presided at Memphis in 1867, and at the annual convention which met at Washington, D. C., in 1868. In 1880 he received the nomination for Secretary of State of Illinois, on the ticket with ex-Senator Lyman Trumbull, and made a canvass of the State. In 1882 he was elected a member of the Democratic State Central Committee, and became chairman of the Executive Board; being reappointed in 1884, when he conducted the Cleveland and Hendricks canvass in the State. In December, 1884, the *Chicago Times* sent Mr. Oberly as its special correspondent to Albany, N. Y., where he remained until he proceeded to Washington with President Cleveland, March 3d, 1885. On the 5th of May, 1885, the President appointed Mr. Oberly Superintendent of Indian Schools, and on the 16th inst. he was promoted to be a Civil Service Commissioner. Mr. Oberly is a gentleman of very pleasing and engaging manners, and quite popular with all who know him.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

GREEK SOLDIERS AT THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS.

The wave of war excitement which has recently swept over the Greeks, rousing the old spirit to an enthusiasm worthy of better aims and chances than are at present visible, is exemplified in our picture. A body of infantry is manœuvring under the shadow of the ruined Temple of Jupiter Olympus, haunted by classic memories. In the background rises the Acropolis of Athens, crowned by the glorious wreck of the Parthenon. In the midst of magnificent ruins, every stone of which seems almost to speak of the age of Pericles, parade the modern troops to the bugle's sound; while motley groups of idlers applaud, and vendors spread out their wares for sale. All this military activity is likely to cease ingloriously before many more days shall have passed. The international fleet is said to be preparing to blockade the Piræus. The Government will doubtless surrender to such a demonstration; and the ironclads sent to Athens to overawe the population into a quiet acceptance of the Ministerial decrees will remain in Greek waters until the majority of the troops have been disarmed and sent to their homes.

THE GAMBETTA MONUMENT.

Work is rapidly progressing upon the splendid monument to Gambetta, to be erected in the Place du Carrousel, Paris, and which it is proposed to dedicate July 15th, 1887. A national subscription pays for the work, the commission for which was awarded to Messrs. Anbé and Boileau, sculptor and architect respectively. Our picture shows the interior of the former's atelier, where a model of the principal part of the monument, constructed on a scale of one-fourth of the actual size of the latter, is conspicuous. The monument, in its entirety, consists of a pyramidal stela, on the summit of which is to be placed a sculptured figure representing Democracy seated upon a lion, and holding in her hand a scroll typical of the declaration of the rights of man. At the base stands

Gambetta—the Gambetta of the national defense—with the tricolor waving over him. At the angles, in front, will stand the allegorical figures of Truth and Strength. The general effect is simple yet striking, and the work of sculptor and architect is admirably harmonized.

M. C. MIJATOVICH.

Apropos of the recent ratification of the treaty of peace between Serbia and Bulgaria, by the representatives of the Powers interested, we publish a portrait of M. C. Mijatovich, the special Peace Commissioner sent to Bulgaria by King Milan, at the opening of the negotiations. This eminent diplomat is well known in England, where he formerly represented Serbia; and his reputation throughout Europe is increased by his success in the important mission lately intrusted to him.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTERIAL BUILDING.

The new *hôtel* of the Ministry of Agriculture, fronting on the Rue de Varennes, adds another to the architectural adornments of Paris. Its style is characteristic of the modern French school, with ornate Doric columns and mansard roof. The facade, shown in the picture, consists of a long, uniform body, flanked at the extremities by two pavilions, high-roofed, and slightly projecting from the line of development.

BRITISH TRANSPORTS ON THE IRRRAWADDY.

We have described and illustrated, during several weeks past, the disorganized and perilous condition of affairs in Burmah, in consequence of the boldness of the Dacoits, and the increasing strength of the rebels who menace Mandalay, and some of the smaller garrisoned towns. The British authorities are sending reinforcements up the Irrawaddy River with all possible expedition. The fact that they can hold possession of that great waterway without difficulty gives them a great advantage, and renders their final success in subduing the country only a matter of time and perseverance. Our picture shows a flotilla of "flats," lashed to the steamers, conveying troops up the river.

MAJOR-GENERAL PRSHEWALSKI.

Major-general Prshewalski, whose name indicates his Polish origin, is a famous Russian traveler and explorer, who was born in Smolensk, Siberia, in 1839. His travels and discoveries in Russian and Central Asia have given him an European reputation, while his books, "Mongolia and the Land of the Tongoots," etc., are well known to American geographical students.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TELEPHONING from St. Petersburg to Boulogne, a distance of 2,465 miles, has been accomplished.

WOOD may be rendered incombustible, according to Professor Kedzie, by washing it with skimmed milk, mixed with brine. He recommends it for roofs and outbuildings.

SALICYLIC suet is used in the German Army as a remedy for foot-sores, etc., instead of the salicylic powder formerly employed. It is composed of two parts of pure salicylic acid and ninety-eight parts of the best mutton suet.

DRS. BUCHNER and EMMERICH have found evidence, during their studies in Sicily as to the origin of cholera, that the disease makes its way into the system through the lungs rather than through the alimentary canal.

A PLANT which is said to be a specific against cholera and typhus has been discovered in Turkey by Fodtschenko, the Russian traveler. It is the *Ferula sumbul*, and is used by the natives as a remedy for nearly all maladies.

ELECTRICITY has been employed to cut coal in some of the mines in Illinois. The cutting is described as done by a chisel at the end of a steel bar, fastened to a piston of soft iron in the middle of a cylindrical coil of insulated wire, and the desired reciprocating motion is given to the rod by reversing the current in the coils.

THE theory that abnormally brilliant skies, like those of recent years, are due to volcanic dust, or vapors, appears to be not a new one. Attention has now been called to the Danish records, which mention remarkable sky-glows in 1636 and again in 1783, in each case the effects being at the time attributed to emissions from the great volcanic eruption which had taken place in Iceland.

The general detailed Map of the United States, proposed and already begun by the Geological Survey, will be upon the scale of about four miles to the inch, with contour lines for every 25 to 200 feet, according to the nature of the topography. It is proposed to issue this map in atlas sheets, each composed of one degree of latitude by one of longitude, bounded by parallels and meridians.

AN improvement in the driving of grinding-stones and emery-wheels is that by which the wheel is given a reciprocating lateral motion in addition to its rotation. Every one has noticed the advantage of moving a tool from side to side on a hand grindstone so as to equalize the attrition on the different parts of the edge. It is found that by making the grindstone move, and keeping the tool still, a more perfect result is attained, while the detached particles of steel have an opportunity to drop off the grindstone instead of being crushed into it, and the wear of the stone and the heating of the tool are both greatly diminished.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 13TH.—In New York, Austin Flint, M.D., eminent physician, aged 74 years; in Wilmington, Del., Henry B. Courtney, of the Diamond Match Co.; in New York, Charles Spear, a prominent grain commission merchant, aged 59 years; in Westport, L. I., Captain Joseph Nash, a pioneer in the oyster business, aged 81 years. MARCH 15TH.—In Washington, D. C., ex-Governor Michael Hahn, the only Republican member of Congress from Louisiana, aged 56 years; in San Francisco, Cal., ex-Governor William Irwin; in Brooklyn, N. Y., ex-Justice Zachariah Voorhies, aged 52 years; in Amherst, Mass., Edward Tuckerton, Professor of Botany, aged 66 years. MARCH 16TH.—In Annapolis, Md., Captain James I. Waddell, commander of the Maryland State forces, aged 62 years; in New York, Colonel Martin Stevensen, of the Guatemalan Army, aged 38 years. MARCH 17TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Stephen English, editor of the *Insurance Times*, aged 65 years. MARCH 18TH.—In Albany, N. Y., Henry H. Martin, a leading banker, aged 76 years. MARCH 19TH.—In Boston, Mass., the Hon. J. M. S. Williams, a member of the Forty-third Congress; in Washington, D. C., Captain W. R. Martin, U. S. A., retired.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Eads Ship Railway Scheme is believed to be dead for the present Congressional session.

AUSTRIA has decided to prohibit the teaching of Old Catholicism in any public school in the Empire.

FOUR cadets have been dismissed from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., for the offense of "hazing."

THE German Reichstag has passed a Bill to indemnify persons proved innocent after undergoing punishment.

THE latest reports from the elections in Peru point to the unanimous choice of General Caceres to the Presidency.

THE treaty of peace between Serbia and Bulgaria has been ratified by the representatives of the Powers interested.

A BILL proposing a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy has been introduced in the House of Representatives.

It is announced that several hostile Apaches have sent word to General Crook that they desire to surrender unconditionally.

THE Connecticut Senate has passed a Bill for the compulsory teaching in the public schools of the evil effects of alcohol and tobacco.

THE Mikado of Japan has signified his intention of contributing \$500 to the Grant Monument Fund, as a token of his respect for General Grant.

It has been settled that the Government's suit against the Bell Telephone Company to test the validity of its patents shall be brought at Columbus, Ohio.

THE total amount realized from the sale, in New York, of the Morgan collection of pictures, engravings, books, and art treasures, amounted to \$1,267,092.

THE Bill to increase the pensions of widows and dependent relatives has passed both Houses of Congress. It will add \$6,000,000 annually to the pension rolls.

"HOW TO EAT QUICKLY" is the title of a book recently published. It does not appear to meet with much favor among the drivers and conductors on the city horse-railroads.

BOTH Houses of Congress will give early consideration to the Bankruptcy Bill. In the Senate it will be taken up on the 31st instant, and in the House the Bill has been favorably reported, with a view of giving it prompt action.

SOME fifty of the German ministers of Cincinnati have united against the Turner societies of the city in their movement for Sunday license. The clergymen will support the Law and Order League in its efforts to enforce the Sunday laws.

AGRICULTURAL reform is making progress in the ancient Kingdom of Poland. Many of the provinces are donating land to small holders, expropriating the estates of the large owners. The policy, it is believed, will win the sympathy of all Poles.

THE United States Senate has passed a Bill providing for the study of the nature of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics and their effects on the human system. The Bill applies to schools in all the Territories and the District of Columbia, and to the military and naval academies and Indian schools.

A HEAVY snow-storm visited Maine last week. In Bangor, drifts were piled up from three to fifteen feet, and in one or two cases inmates of houses were compelled to seek egress through second-story windows. In some of the country districts, orchards were buried under snow to the depth of eighteen feet.

THE Australian gold returns for the year 1885 show an increase upon the previous year of 9,404 ounces, the total quantity of the precious metal produced during the former period being 784,763 ounces, and during the latter 775,359 ounces. Gold-mining in Victoria was for several years at a very low ebb, so much so that for a time the industry was threatened with extinction.

THE habit of carrying pistols is no doubt responsible for a great many of the homicides committed throughout the South and elsewhere. Realizing this fact, a New Orleans religious newspaper suggests that a law be passed prohibiting the sale of any pistol less than three feet in length. It is thought that such a statute would prevent the possibility of carrying concealed firearms.

THE Canton of Basle city, Switzerland, according to the report of United States Consul Gifford, has recently passed a law offering free burial to all persons dying within its territory, including merely temporary residents, and giving the choice between interment and cremation. An offset to this provision, as an inducement to strangers to go to Basle, is the fact that the climate is very salubrious.

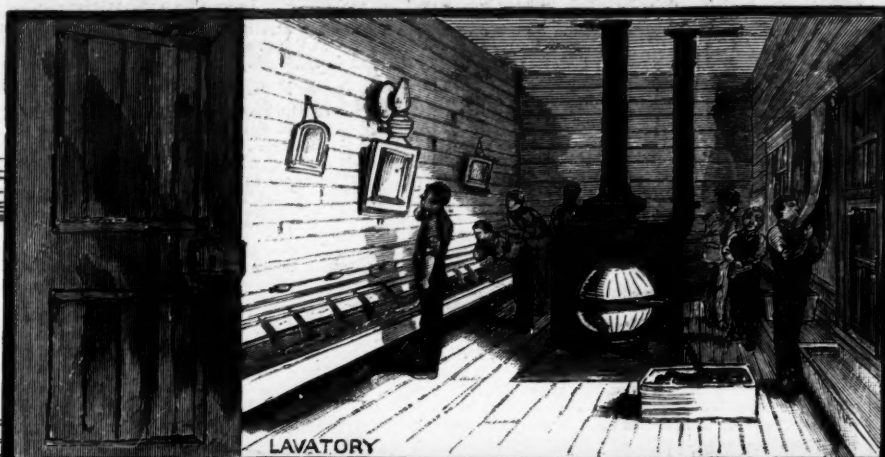
A MONSTER International Religious Convention is to be held in London under the auspices of the Salvation Army. Five of the largest halls have been engaged for the accommodation of the thousands expected to attend. The convention will open on May 28th and will last one week. The regular delegates, who will be present to represent the Army's religious movement in the different parts of the world, will number 2,500. These delegates, the managers say, will include Hindoos, Negroes, Maoris and American Indians.

NINETEEN Russian mujiks have arrived in Paris to be treated by Pasteur for wolf-lites. All the men were terribly mutilated by wolves. The French Chamber of Deputies proposes an appropriation of \$40,000 for the proposed Pasteur Institute, and private contributions for the same object continue to pour in. In St. Petersburg, Prince Alexander of Oldenburg has started at his own expense a hospital for the treatment of persons suffering from the bites of animals afflicted with rabies. The institution is to be conducted on the principle discovered by Pasteur.

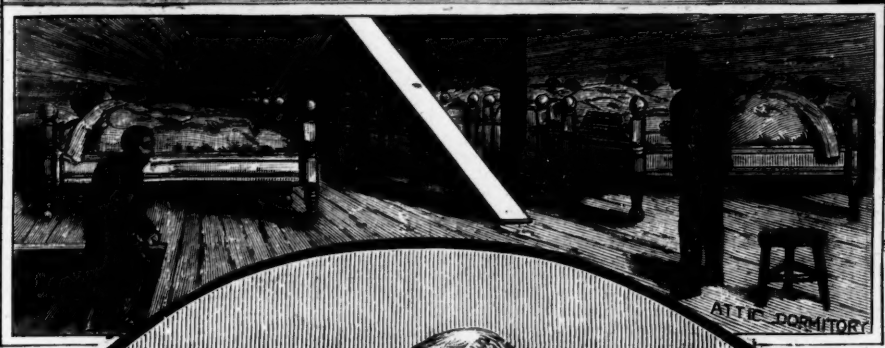
A TERRIBLE tragedy was enacted at Carrollton, Miss., one day last week. Fifty men rode into the town and repaired to the court-house, where thirteen negroes were waiting for their trials to begin. The white men walked into the court-room and deliberately shot eleven of the negroes dead, and mortally wounded several others, friends of the prisoners. The shooting grew out of the attempted assassination of James Riddell, a prominent citizen, who was shot and seriously wounded by the negroes several weeks ago. The massacre has occasioned great excitement throughout Mississippi.



SAMPLES OF CLOTHING



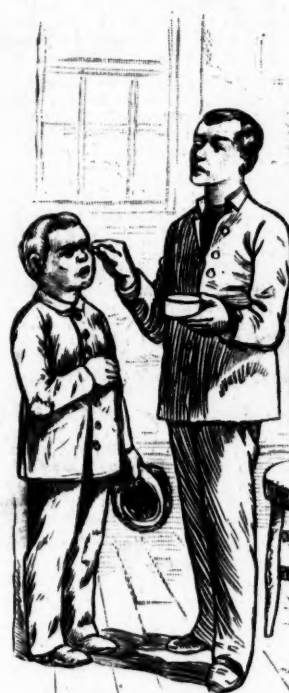
LAVATORY



ATTIC DORMITORY



PICKLE TUB USED FOR BATHING PURPOSES



THE "SCHOOL GREASER" SALVING A BOY



A NEGLECTED PATIENT



BOYS MAKING BREAD



THREE IN A BED



PLAY ROOM IN THE CELLAR

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE MALTREATMENT OF INMATES OF THE SCHOOLS FOR SOLDIERS' ORPHANS—SHOCKING REVELATIONS AT THE MOUNT JOY SCHOOL—GRAPHIC SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 91.

THE LOSS OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP "OREGON," OFF FIRE ISLAND, ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 14TH—THE FINAL PLUNGE.
SEE PAGE 87.



The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VII.—WAS THE CASTLE ON THE ROAD?

HUMAN nature is a strange thing. If you doubt it, set down and make a study of yourself. I was finding it true in my own case. Let me explain. Last night I sat at dinner with Count Varraz in the early evening, and later I suffered pain and discomfort, physical and mental alike, in my hurried ride over unknown roads to an unguessed destination. Going back one more night, there was one long train of horrors for my memory to deal with; for curiosity and wonder to turn over and over; a train of horrors which had nearly ended with the end of all things for the individual in whom I had the deepest interest; a chain of events whose end had wellnigh been "Finis" to my story, with no more to say than "Hic Jacet, John Adams Sylvester, Requiescat in Pace"; a most unsatisfactory sort of ending for one to contemplate, even if all must come to it at last.

This was my past; my immediate past; a past that should have made a rude shelter, a crust, and the mere truth of continued existence, factors of perfect happiness. But human nature is, as I have said, human nature, and I criticised my surroundings rather captiously. It was too hot, and it wasn't light enough; I assert that these were facts. A mental insistence upon them, and a persistence in returning to them, may have been out of place in a man who had narrowly escaped sleeping in the coldest of all beds, without any light at all.

My experiences should have made me devout, perhaps; they certainly left me thankful. But human nature took the reins, and my thoughts were driven in the direction of very worldly things. I sat down to ponder some of them.

Starting from my home in Pennsylvania, I had followed some influence whose origin I could not guess, as yet, and whose power I could not fathom. Was I following the hand which had pointed me my path? Or had I stepped aside from the road down which my life led—towards the morning? The same woman—I believed it; for how could I doubt it?—had led me to Count Varraz, who had led me to fortune. But was I still right? Was my path still plain before me? Was Castle Varraz on the road?

The room was warm. I was sleepy. The hour was late. The bed looked inviting. The lights they had furnished me were scarcely good enough to tempt me to do much night reading at any time; this night I had nothing of interest to tempt me to try to read. Some other time I would interest myself with the books on the shelves in my room, but not to-night.

I went into my little room, leaving the door between it and the larger room open, and retired.

Men have different names for the same thing; some are frank and honest, others are not; there are men who would have said it was an act of prudence to retire without undressing. I retired without removing my clothes, but I called it laziness, not prudence. For a time, longer or shorter as events might determine, I felt perfectly safe in the home of the man I distrusted more than I had ever distrusted any other human being.

I was not long in falling asleep.

One might naturally expect that my sleep would have been dream-filled after all my strange experiences of the past few days and nights. The contrary was true. I slept in utter unconsciousness.

I cannot say how long I slept. I cannot say what it was that waked me. The hour must have been well towards morning, for the fires were dark and dead and gone. It could scarcely have been noise which called me back from the silent land of sleep to the waking world again, for the knots and chinks in the huge fireplaces must have been falling, one over another, nearer and nearer together, into smaller and smaller heaps of wood, as the fires burned themselves out and the night wore on.

It could not have been a change in the light, for I had left the lamp burning dimly in the front room when I retired, and it was burning yet.

But I was awake; wide awake; awake all at once, without any transition period of half-consciousness; awake with senses alert; awake with my very breath moving silently to and fro over my slightly parted lips; awake—and waiting for something.

Waiting for what?

Slowly and silently, and with infinite pains and caution, I turned over, and moved my head so that I could see a little more of the outside room. This was what I saw: A woman, a woman beautifully dressed, and with her long, lustrous hair sweeping loosely over her shoulders, sat at my table writing.

No, I was not dreaming—I was as wide awake as I am at this moment, as I sit here writing these lines. Adopt any other theory you may see fit, from spectres to sleep-walking, from ghosts to any other plausible explanation. But do not forget that I was wide awake.

I lay there, utterly silent, and watched the woman. I am aware that it is an unfair advantage, this, to take of a person who is unconscious of a watcher's presence. But, after all, I could not feel certain that the woman had not stood in the doorway between the two rooms and watched me as I slept; and I mentally debated the question as to how unsubstantial a creature she might turn out to be. Surely, if she were to vanish into thin air when I should happen to make a little noise, by-and-by, I would need no forgiveness for having admired the graceful poise of her head, as she sat there writing, or for having

been pleased with the dress and ornaments she wore. "One can scarcely injure a spirit in any mere human way," I said to myself; "I am certain it would be difficult to get the advantage of a ghost."

Enjoy it? You? You'd have liked the experience? My dear reader, I wish you could try it! It is an easy thing to write of it now; just then, to tell the whole frank truth, I was frightened almost out of my senses. I admire pretty women; my admiration is tempered by some conditions, though; among other things I like to know what age a woman lived in, and just how many centuries she has been dead.

The woman turned her head. My fear was gone!

Lying in the darkness, I was unseen; but the light showed me her every feature with startling distinctness. My vague surmises, my vague hopes, even, were true; it was the woman who had already played such fantastic tricks with my fate—the woman who had somehow got her destiny tangled with mine, and who was leading me after her wherever she went. Looking at her as she sat there unconscious of my glance, my heart gave a sudden bound; I dared to hope that the tangle was too much for her skill; I dared hope that our destiny was one for ever.

Fool! Certainly. I cheerfully admit that a man who would allow his feelings to sway him as mine did me at that time must have been a fool. You wouldn't have done it. You'd have been a cool and prosaic disciple of common sense. You don't know how much you'd have missed. The "wondrous wise" have been getting left ever since time began, and consistent fools have been getting what they have left. To have heard "I love you," from the most shadowy lips that ever crept down under the churchyard grasses when daydawn drove all restless wanderers home—supposing it possible that such things ever happen; to have had a hand, though light as the shade, cast by a passing cloud, laid tenderly in mine; these would have made me happy. Why should they not, if life has a future and death a tomorrow? I loved this face; I loved the eyes, the lips, the brow, the clustering wealth of hair. I loved the woman—the soul, the unity—whose being had symbolized itself in the smile and the earnestness upon this face. Strange, unprecedented; unheard of elsewhere or before! True enough. But I loved her all the same, and in this true tale I must bravely say it. I loved her. And, be she alive or be she dead, I would be true to my pure passion for her. In this you see my nature shadowed forth; if you are interested in me—in me as a natural phenomenon, in me as I was and am, apart from the events which held me in check here or hurried me forward there—you may study this episode with profit.

I made some sudden motion. The woman rose to her feet. She turned my way. There was certainly alarm on her face; my somewhat wide acquaintance with that sort of literature has given me no example of a frightened ghost. I sprang lightly to the floor. Do ghosts scream? My visitor of the night did. Your present problem must be the same as mine was then: Do ghosts scream?

I ran into the front room. I don't know just what I meant to do; it isn't likely I had any clearer notion of my intentions then. It would have been a very unceremonious proceeding to have pounced down upon her, to have caught her and held her, if she tried to escape. It would have been dreadfully impolite and unmanly. But I sometimes fear that it was my intention to catch her in my arms—unless she turned into some sort of a dissolving view; to catch her and to hold her—unless she ran through my outstretched arms as mist in gusty nights run in and out among the branches of the forest trees.

Then another thing happened. If I could present to you a well-authenticated case of a phantom blowing out a light, I should be putting you in possession of something which would be unique in the history of the mystic and the unexplained.

Well, the light went out. And the woman's breath—or some unearthly equivalent of breath—did it. I was left in darkness as intense as any ever shown in sample in ancient Egypt. Ghosts are said to like darkness; it was a remarkably fine specimen of it we had just then; it would undoubtedly have pleased the most fastidious and æsthetic of apparitions.

There was the crisp, cutting swish of a trailing garment along the floor; some moving thing in the blackness almost touched me—near enough my side to have its presence felt—too far away to be seen; a strange perfume, some Oriental odor, heavy, warm and sweet, hung in the air. That was all. When she had said, "Come—come, if you dare!" it was not treating me quite fairly to leave me as she had done. Was it?

I groped my way forward. I found the table. Little by little I edged my way along until I found the chair in which she had been seated. There was a curious tremor passed along my spinal column as I took the seat she had vacated—a reminder of the boyish freak of one of my childhood's companions who had found it good to drop a small icicle down my back, once upon a time; the mental icicle has some disadvantages not shared by the physical one, however—the appalling loneliness of the scene, for instance; the hearty laugh of a companion would have been a great relief as I seated myself at the table that night. But I half feared the unseen woman might laugh. Suppose she was just behind my chair. I looked over my shoulder with a quick and far-reaching movement that risked the integrity of my neck-bones; I was terribly afraid I should see her; I was awfully alarmed that I didn't.

No. I hadn't forgotten that I loved her. The trouble was I feared she had neither forgotten nor forgiven it herself; if ghost at all, I had no doubt she was a very ancient and aristocratic and ex-

ceedingly high-toned ghost, being admitted, as she was, to Castle Varraz—that is, if "admitted" is just the proper word to use. Castle Varraz was ancient, etc., itself; I had no doubt the count would make a remarkably royal sort of ghost himself, some day, if he should be so unfortunate as to be requested to put in a portion of his time doing pedestrian penance when the nights were long and dark; I should scarcely care to meet him under such circumstances.

I moved my hands slowly over the table. The writing-materials had certainly been disturbed. A loose sheet of paper came under my hand. The ink upon it was moist yet. I searched all my pockets for a match, finding one at last after I had almost made up my mind that I was going to have to pass the remainder of the night in darkness. In a minute I had a light.

Then I proceeded to examine the paper I had found.

I soon found that there were several small pieces of paper, all written full. The piece I found first was the last one of the series, and was unfinished. I had frightened the writer away when she was in the midst of a sentence.

After a little I had the several parts arranged in a regular sequence, and proceeded to read the very remarkable piece of composition.

"Respected Stranger—" it began. That doubtless meant me. I was glad of that. It did away with any scruples I might have felt at reading what I was sure was strange. It may scarcely be necessary to say that I should have read the papers anyway. As I found myself possessed of a perfect right to read them, it will not be necessary to make any explanations or of apologies for what I should have done without the right. It is only in the interest of the plain and unvarying truth to which I have pledged myself that I record the fact at all:

"RESPECTED STRANGER—You have come here to Castle Varraz, unexpected and unannounced. If you are a guest, you are an intruder, and I resent your coming; if you are a prisoner, as I both fear and hope you are, I pity you and will help you."

"I say I fear you are a prisoner. I do. My fears are for you. Count Varraz has no heart; he knows no mercy; the wild beast of the jungle is more tender than he is, for the beast spares those of his own blood. Oh, sir, you do not, you can not know, him as he is. Fly, fly as you would from plague and pestilence. To remain is death; it is more than death, it is dishonor. I fear for you; I fear for you."

"And yet I hope you are his prisoner. Why? Because you must be that, or his friend. And I should almost lose my faith in God and man did I think one could come, as you have done, for love of him and his heartless work. You have a good face; I had a glimpse of it this evening. Your form is erect. Your eye is clear. If your heart is false; if men who look like you are crafty and cruel and criminal, who can be trusted? My soul cries out in anguish: who? who? So I hope to find you are his prisoner."

"If you're the friend of the count, remain; and my curse remain with you to the furthest limit of eternal ages. If you are his foe, take my advice and escape. I will help you."

"I cannot tell you how to escape, in what I am writing now; the very walls may have eyes for my paper, or ears for the hurrying scratches of my pen. I am not quite sure I know myself how to manage it yet. I must think it out; and it hurts my head to think since—since—since something, I can't quite remember what. With God's help I may be able to some time. It wasn't very long ago. I think it was something that was very important."

"We must be very cunning. We must be very careful. We must excite no suspicion. Will you shake your head incredulously in the morning when you read in these lines that there are those who think the count little less than a saint. A strange saint he; a strange saint indeed."

"There are two classes of people who know better than that; those he has wronged and those who helped him. I—I've forgotten who he wronged. I think it was one I loved. I shall remember some time. I am very tired now—very, very tired. When I am rested again I shall know. Those who helped him wore masks on their faces; so I don't know who they were; but, if a woman's will and a woman's wit count for anything, I shall know."

"Besides these, you and I know that this man is a fiend. I don't know how you know; I don't even know how I know myself. But you are doubtless aware that there are many facts beyond the reach of reason. I shall remember some time—and some time you will tell me."

"Did I ever see you? Your face is strangely familiar to me. Was it in some dream? Or was it when—when something happened?"

"God knows what happened. There is comfort in that. And He never tires. And He never forgets."

"Be on your guard. Be quick and alert. Be watchful. Love the count's enemies and cherish his foes. Hate his friends. Doubt those who believe in him."

"And now, farewell!"

"May your sleep be sweet this night, safe tomorrow night, and full of vigorous life for many nights and months and years to come. You are too young for the grave; I pray your youth may escape it."

"Meet me to-morrow, at nine o'clock, in the great picture-gallery, and—"

That was all!

I laid down the last tiny bit of paper, with the last few sentences traced in a dainty, girlish hand. The dawn was struggling with the darkness; outside, the dawn was winning. Within, the shadows were deep and the light pale and wan yet. It was long to noon, it was long to full light yet; but Day was born, and he came running up the freshened fields from the east.

Day had come, and my superstitious fancies and follies had fallen at Day's first smile. They were creatures of the night—and for the night only.

My problem of the evening time was solved—solved, but a score of others had taken its place. The past was a mystery; the present was a maze; the future was a puzzle. My life's path was to lead through strange scenes; should I shrink? No. Rather let me rejoice that I had not been led astray; rather let me raise my soul to Heaven in hearty thanksgiving that I had no steps to retrace

—no lost trail to find; rather let me thank God for the blessed assurance that filled my soul, the assurance that whatever lay at the end of danger, be it death or deliverance, the life to which I had been called had not been forsaken; be my goal what it would, *Castle Varraz was on the road!*

CHAPTER VIII.—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

COUNT VARRAZ had given orders that I should not visit his picture-gallery. My fair correspondent (that doesn't sound quite as I'd like it, but what can I say?) had requested that I should meet her there. It was a very serious matter I set myself down to study that morning, a very serious matter indeed.

Whether I dared brave the count's wrath? Bless you, no!

Surely not how the count could be kept from knowing? Surely not.

Not whether there was any implied obligation to the count, anything in the relation of a guest to his—? There, there. That will do. Nothing of the sort.

Ah, you give it up! The simplest but most perplexing question in the world. How was I to get into the picture-gallery?

I found a way. Literally, in every sense of the word, I found a way. The wife of a deceased gentleman by the name of Bluebeard ought to have occurred to me when I found a great bunch of keys lying in the hall not far from my door; but the truth is my mind was full of thoughts of an entirely different woman.

I picked up the bunch of keys. I fully believe there were not less than two hundred of them. You would not have thought for a moment that they could have been lost by accident? For once, at least, you have the advantage of me. I supposed they had been.

These keys were of all sorts and sizes. Many of them had no distinguishing mark. Others had neat brass labels. It did not take me ten seconds to find one with "Picture Gallery" temptingly suggested. I am ashamed to say—

Wait a moment.

It did not take me ten seconds more to transfer this key from the ring to my pocket, and to put the bunch of keys where it had been. I'm not quite sure whether I'm ashamed to say it or not; not being certain, I won't say so.

Then I went in and breakfasted with Hans.

I cannot describe the breakfast. I will not try. There was a constraint on both sides. I was no less sure of Hans as a friend than I had been the evening before, but a cloud of fear or doubt seemed to have settled down upon his good intentions. I was glad when breakfast was over, and Hans informed me that business on a distant part of the estate would occupy his time until the hour for a late dinner.

By eight o'clock I stood before the door of the great picture-gallery of Castle Varraz. I may be pardoned a moment of hesitation; it may not be thought unusually strange in me to feel that there was doubtless danger ahead. I sent up a very fervent prayer—not for freedom from danger, not for escape from whatever fate might have in store for me—but a prayer that when loyalty to the part I had taken upon myself demanded aught of me, now or ever, I might not be found wanting.

I took the key from my pocket. I unlocked the door. I went in.

It is only with difficulty that I can describe what I saw. The rooms occupied by the pictures were larger than I, with my limited knowledge of the castle, had supposed possible. They were high and spacious; they were well lighted; and the walls were literally crowded with paintings, while scores of others rested on easels, or leaned against the pedestals of statues. Hundreds of marble forms found places here and there; they lurked at every turn; they seemed to start out of every corner; the place was full of them; but so well were they arranged that one could not think of them as too numerous.

I was filled with admiration; I was dazed—enchanted. My soul drank in with rapture the wondrous wealth of beauty about me. I had never seen its equal before. I have never seen its equal since.

There were paintings on those walls whose very existence was doubted by the foremost art critics of the world—precious bits of canvas that disappeared from the eyes and knowledge of men a decade—a century—four, five, six centuries before. Strip the walls of Castle Varraz of its art treasures, and the wealth resulting from their sale would have been fabulous. For hundreds of years the ancestors of the man in whose house I now was had bought—bought—bought. They had gone unlearned that they might hang more of the immortal successes of the artist soul where only their hungry, gloating eyes could see them. Some of them had cheated, robbed, lied, oppressed, murdered, that the greatest collection of artistic marvels in the whole world might be theirs. For them, the craftiest agents had haunted Greece and Rome ever since there was anything worth the buying or the stealing there; for them, armed bandits had hung on the outskirts of civilization, plundering the weak and harassing the strong; these pictures spoke eloquently to me of burned palaces and castles, of blood and rapine and merciless cruelty. But how beautiful they were! How beautiful they were!

I moved on and on among these marvels. Now a battle-scene would fire my soul with ardor, and for a moment I would think of the battles now being fought far away. Then a saint would look down from his height of peaceful serenity, or a dying martyr would show in his posture or in his face how well a quick eye and a ready hand could portray the keenest agony.

Suddenly a sound fell upon the silence of the place; a sound distant and muffled and indistinct. It was the clock, in the great hall far below me, striking the hour of nine.

There was a sudden footstep behind me. A voice, calm and quiet and even, fell upon my ear. I turned that way.

"The key, if you please," were the words I heard.

The face into which I looked was that of Count Varrax!

It is probably needless to say that I handed him the key! (To be continued.)

THE PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS' ORPHANS' SCHOOLS.

THE investigations conducted by the committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, and by Governor Pattison in person, into the affairs of the schools or asylums for soldiers' orphans in the State of Pennsylvania, confirm the accounts, just published by the Philadelphia Record, of the gross mismanagement of this charity. The number of institutions, in different towns of Pennsylvania, in which these soldiers' orphans are placed, is at present eighteen; the total number of orphans who find refuge in them is nearly 2,000, their ages ranging from four to sixteen years. The Commonwealth has no property interest in these schools. It did not organize them, nor does it manage them. It simply pays annually a specific amount—\$150—for each child ordered into the schools; and their administration is in the hands of the Department of Soldiers' Orphans, which in 1871 was consolidated with the Department of Public Instruction. The Legislative Act of 1867, under which the schools were first established in their present form, provides that contracts shall be made by the Superintendent with the trustees, proprietors or principals of the establishments employed as soldiers' orphans' homes; but the Grand Army investigating committee failed to find any evidence of the present or previous existence of such contracts. The inquiries of this committee, in short, satisfied them that the enforcement of the laws had been neglected by those charged with their maintenance; and, as they say in their report, "It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, those who managed the schools should do so with an eye only to the possible profits to be derived therefrom, and not with a desire to properly care for, maintain and educate, at the expense of the State, the children of our dead or disabled comrades."

The result of this mismanagement is, that while the members of the school "syndicate" have made a good speculation of the orphan-farming business, the orphans themselves have fared somewhat as the Indians fare at the hands of Government agents. At scarcely any of the eighteen schools and homes has the condition of the juvenile inmates been found entirely satisfactory; while in at least two cases—at Mount Joy and at Mercer—it is disgraceful.

As to details—inodorous enough, but therefore all the more in need of an airing—we are enabled to present a page of pictures illustrating the interior arrangements of the Mount Joy establishment, visited by Governor Pattison on the 8th inst., and which may be regarded as typical of the worst abuses brought to light by the recent investigations. About 250 boys and girls are, after the fashion of the place, taken care of here. The dormitories, as found before the managers had been put on their guard, were cramped, foul, and almost air-tight. When the bedclothes were washed at all, it was by the orphans themselves. The garments worn by them were filthy and ragged, and in some cases infested with vermin. Visits to the so-called lavatory resulted in little or no gain in the way of cleanliness. The bathtub was an old pickle-barrel, and the big boys crowded into it, two or three at a time, while the little ones had "no show," if they desired to perform their ablutions at all, with such uninviting accessories. Skin-diseases and sore eyes were common, and a score or so of the boys were constantly under the treatment of the "school greaser." This juvenile empiric was an overgrown lad named Sam Hinkle, who, brush in hand, painted his patients with three kinds of salve—one for sore heads, a second for body-sores, and a third for what he called "the each." There was an average of one clean towel a day for every forty boys, and the girls were no better supplied. These children did most of their own washing, ironing, and even baking. For a "play-room" on cold or rainy days, they had a foul dungeon of a boiler-room, with moldy walls and damp, dirty floors, where the light of day never penetrated. What the death-rate at Mount Joy has been is not stated; but life there can have possessed but few attractions.

Such are the soldiers' orphan schools of Pennsylvania at their worst. Happily, an immediate and radical improvement may be hoped for, now that the light of public and legislative attention has been thrown into the dark places. In the meantime, the State Auditor-general will probably decline to approve any warrants for the further payment of bills in connection with these schools until proper contracts have been executed, and the laws otherwise fully complied with.

SLAUGHTER OF THE FEATHERED INNOCENTS.

FLOWERS are fairest in the fields and gardens, where nature unfolds and nourishes them; and birds are not really beautiful unless seen fluttering with free wings in their native air and sunshine, or heard charming the woods with their liquid notes. Is there not a strong suggestion of barbarity in the edict of fashion which demands the yearly sacrifice of thousands, or rather millions, of the bright-plumaged pets of nature, merely to trim hats? We see them everywhere, in the streets, in church, in the theatres, on the heads of mothers, grandmothers, mothers-in-law, pretty girls, and presumably innocent children—birds mounted bodily, wings, heads, tails, feet and all. A woman of fashion recently ordered a whole dress to be trimmed with canaries. Often a hundred humming-birds are butchered to make a vain belle's holiday. The effect of such displays is painful. How is it that tender hearts which would mourn over the robbing of a bird's nest feel no pang when the mangled body of the bird itself is impaled on headgear? If fashion must be followed, at any cost to the feathered tribe, let its decrees take a more specific and utilitarian form; let it spare the beauties and the sweet singers, and make the odious English sparrow the sole plumaged trophy permissible on that otherwise delightful and dainty structure, the Easter bonnet.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who has lately expressed himself on the subject, does not quite bear us out in the latter detail; but otherwise he is with the great majority of thoughtful persons and lovers of nature. "I am myself," he says, "more

than tolerant of the somewhat intrusive intimacy of the English sparrow. No other birds outside the barnyard let me come so near them—not even the pigeons. But still more am I indebted to the gulls and ducks, who during a large part of the year are daily visitors to the estuary of the Charles, on which I look from my library-windows. I wish they could be protected by law, and if law cannot or will not do it, that public opinion would come between them and their murderers. Not less, certainly, do I feel the shame of the wanton destruction of our singing-birds to feed the demands of a barbaric vanity."

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS AT PANAMA.

THE reception of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps in the City of Panama, on the 22d of February last, was marked by great enthusiasm. The city was handsomely decorated, six hundred men having been employed for several days in arranging the decorations on public and private buildings. On the Plaza Cathedral there was an arch, embellished by various pictures and allegorical representations, including a fine portrait of M. de Lesseps, a group of figures symbolizing the Commerce of Panama, another representing the Industry of the City extending a greeting to M. de Lesseps, and also pictures of the celebrated scene of Columbus making an egg stand on a table, and a representation of Galileo with his globe. The arch was gay with flags and streamers. Being received at the railway station, the distinguished visitor was escorted by a long procession, which included allegorical cars representing "Industry," "Agriculture," "Commerce," "America," "Africa," "Europe" and "Asia," together with children of the public schools, to the Plaza Santa Ana, where an address of welcome was presented from the industrial classes of the city.

The procession then marched to the Cathedral Plaza, where the final ceremonies of the afternoon were held. As M. de Lesseps descended from his carriage he was presented by Edevina Andrevé—a little Colombian girl—with a floral crown of great beauty symbolizing perseverance and valor. The scene at this time was one of great excitement and enthusiasm. An immense crowd covered the large open space and manifested much interest and pleasure in the proceedings. In the evening the city was illuminated with electric lights, and at 9 P. M. a grand instrumental concert was tendered M. de Lesseps in front of the Episcopal Palace. A large crowd of persons thronged the principal streets, and the entire occasion was one of universal merriment and acclamation. Subsequently M. de Lesseps was entertained at a banquet, at which he made a speech which attracted considerable attention. He said he had ever been an admirer of the United States of America and an advocate of the "Monroe Doctrine," which he has always regarded as a great safeguard guaranteeing the independence of South American States and protecting them from the aggression of European Powers. That perfect liberty of action which belonged to Colombia had enabled her to enter into the contract for the cutting of the canal which would connect the two oceans and facilitate the commerce of the world. The sentiments to which he now gave utterance were those he had learned from correspondence with Mr. Monroe himself in his earlier days, and he was very much pleased at the fact that the now famous "Monroe Doctrine" has been so successful in accomplishing its objects. Colombia uncontrolled had the right to make the contract, and Colombia had made it.

THE CARE OF THE VANDERBILT MILLIONS.

THE New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes: "The care of the Vanderbilt millions is a far greater burden than most people imagine. There are not many citizens in our country who require a great bank and safe-deposit company of their own in which to transact their business and deposit their securities. Probably the largest banking building in the City of New York devoted exclusively to money-changing is the Lincoln National Bank, up at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. This belongs to the Vanderbilts, and is near the depot of their railroad, so as to be close at hand. This institution holds millions of money and many more millions of securities which represent their wealth. After the old man died and his property was divided among his children, it was no small task to go over the safe-deposit vaults and vast number of stocks and bonds, and divide them up according to the provisions of the will. Nor was it a small matter to distribute the ready money that was in the bank. The operation of cutting coupons and distributing the millions is still going on, and it requires so much form that an addition has been made to the bank to accommodate the dozen or more people handling the wealth than when it was controlled by one man. This bank and its operations seem almost a romance of our rapid civilization. Certainly nothing in Europe can compare with it in the sentimental features which close about it. In no country on earth except this could such an institution exist under similar conditions. Probably in no other land could a family have as a financial servant a man who had been a Cabinet Minister, yet that is what the Lincoln Bank has. When Thomas L. James ceased to be Postmaster-general he anchored himself in this institution, to count the money and sit as a grim figurehead upon the stool of the successful speculations of one man."

THOMAS HARDY IN HIS STUDY.

THE London World says: "Mr. Hardy's writing-room is up-stairs, and to reach the door of this room, we pass under a small archway at the end of the landing. Behind the arch is a slyly contrived passage and steep staircase, which is closed by a sliding door. This species of adit affords, if necessary, a way of escape to one who is not a society man, when he is likely to be invaded from the front stairs. In the shadow of the arch hangs a drawing of weird and sombre effect—apparently a procession of Acherontic ghosts, pallidly emerging from black fog, but really the life-size profiles of various members of Mr. Hardy's family, portrayed by himself on the principle of the silhouette reversed, and somewhat suggestive of the groups of family portraits by Ambrogio Borgognone in the National Gallery. We enter the writing-room—a long apartment, solidly furnished, without a single article in it that is not required for use; our author's indifference to things, as such, showing strongly here—and there rises from a writing-table to meet us a somewhat fair-complexioned man, a trifle below the middle height, of slight build, with a pleasant, thoughtful face, exception-

ally broad at the temples, and fringed by a beard trimmed after the Elizabethan manner; a man readily sociable and genial, but one whose mien conveys the impression that the world in his eyes has rather more of the tragedy than the comedy about it, and that he is disposed to rate life, and what it can give, at no very extravagant value. Mr. Hardy has been revising the proof-sheets of his last story, "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and as we seat ourselves in Gabriel Oak's chair—a high-backed willow-seated article of furniture seen in many of the Dorset cottages, and known, locally, as a "shepherd's chair"—we listen to as much of this writer's experiences of authorship, and descriptions of his methods of work as he is disposed to tell us. When he has a story in hand, he begins writing immediately after breakfast, and remains indoors until he has finished for the day; even a very little time spent in the open air before beginning proving fatal to any work till after nightfall. When not dictating, a practice he indulges in occasionally, but not frequently, he prefers working alone, holding, moreover, with his friend, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, that not only a solitary room, but an impenetrable house, would be the most desirable place for complete literary performance."

INOCULATION AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

M. VERNEUIL has lately published a letter to the editor of the *Gazette Hebdomadaire*, in which he proposes to set on foot an experimental inquiry into the possibility of finding some method of "attenuating" the presumed virus of tubercle, so as to make inoculation therewith practically useful against consumption, either as a prophylactic measure, like vaccination against smallpox, or as a means of cure, like Pasteur's inoculation in hydrophobia. Three thousand francs have already been subscribed, and the respectable names of Cornil, Bouchard, Damaschino and Potain are mentioned among those who approve of the investigation. *Nature* remarks on the subject: "It must be remembered (1) that with the exception of hydrophobia, an exception still on trial, no human disease but smallpox is known which can be prevented by inoculation; (2) that of epizootic diseases, anthrax is only in certain cases guarded against by Pasteur's attenuated virus; (3) that the dependence of consumption on Koch's *Bacillus tuberculosis* is far from established; (4) that its fatality is very far below that of smallpox or hydrophobia, and its treatment far more successful. Consumption is the most important disease of temperate climates, both by its prevalence, its mortality, and its incidence on young adults; so that the sacrifice of a few rabbits or cats for even a remote chance of controlling its ravages is well justified. But the chance is, we fear, remote."

SHELLING A TRANSPARENCY.

"I NEVER see a transparency," said a Virginia colonel, "without thinking of one I tried to hit during the war. I had a light battery, which was ordered here, there and everywhere. For two days and nights I was stationed almost opposite a Federal camp on the James River. I noticed the first day a long white thing like a new-fangled tent in the Federal camp, but even with my field-glass I could make little out of it. But that night they lit it up, and I could see then that it was a huge transparency, and with my glass I could read in plain letters the insulting inscription: 'While this lamp holds out to burn the vilest rebel may return.' O, how mad I was—I was younger then—and I concentrated the full fire of my battery upon that transparency, but it was protected by some unseen charm, for we could not hit it. I tried it myself next day and next night, but I could not hit it, and the next day we were ordered somewhere else. I'd like to find the fellow who put that transparency up."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

It is estimated by Senate officials that the cost of the special train carrying the body of the late Senator Miller to California will not be less than \$20,000.

It is stated that at least fifteen cars per day for four months will be required to move the orange crop out of Southern California. Seventy-five per cent. of the crop will come East.

A BILL to propagate a contagious disease among rabbits, with a view to exterminate them, is to be introduced into the South Australian Assembly. The experiment is to be tried on Torres Island.

THERE is on exhibition at New Haven the king of catdom, owned by Mrs. L. T. Higby, of New Britain. His name is "Diamond," and he is eight years old, of the tiger variety, weighs thirty-two pounds, has white whiskers, and is believed to be the biggest tame cat in the United States. One of the largest cats heretofore known was A. T. Stewart's office cat, which weighed over eighteen pounds.

THERE is no better way of sealing letters than the old-fashioned one of breaking off a piece of wax of suitable size, and placing it upon the spot to be sealed, apply it to the blade of an ordinary claspknife that has been heated in the flame of an alcohol lamp. The wax at once melts, and under gentle pressure spreads out smoothly and thinly, and is ready for the application of the stamp. By this method the wax is kept clean and free from smoke.

THE five largest libraries in the world, in their order, are: The National Library of France, at Paris, 2,000,000 volumes; the library of the British Museum, London, 1,150,000 volumes; the Imperial Library of Russia, at St. Petersburg, 1,100,000 volumes; the Royal Public Library at Dresden, 900,000; and the Royal Library at Berlin, 700,000 volumes. In America, the five largest are: The Boston Public Library, (about) 555,000 volumes; Library of Congress, at Washington, 350,000 volumes; Yale College Library, 190,000 volumes; Astor Library, New York, 180,000 volumes; Mercantile Library, New York, 180,000 volumes.

A VERY successful experimental test of a new telephone, the invention of G. C. Turnbull, of Baltimore, was made recently over a wire extending from Washington to New York, a distance of 240 miles. Conversation was carried on throughout the day without difficulty, and with results showing that the human voice could be transmitted over this long distance louder and more distinctly than it ordinarily is over the short city circuits of other telephones. Mr. Turnbull claims for his invention, which was only patented last month, an improved method of making the carbon contact on the telephone transmitter as well as an improvement in the apparatus for collecting the sound waves at the receiving end of the line.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON is said to be a candidate for Governor of Georgia.

LADY WILDE, Oscar Wilde's mother, has completed a collection of Irish legends.

BEN. PERLEY POORE outranks all other autograph fiends. His collection contains 16,000 specimens.

KING HUMBERT of Italy has decorated M. Pasteur. The American colony in Paris will give the scientist a banquet on April 14th.

SWEDISH papers announce the coming betrothal of Crown Prince Oscar of Sweden and Princess Louise, daughter of the Prince of Wales.

LOUISE MICHEL announces that she intends to make a tour of America. She is mobbed everywhere she attempts to speak in public in France.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, the Mormon leader, failed to respond last week when his case was called in court at Salt Lake City, Utah, thus forfeiting \$25,000.

THE Duke of Portland has an annual income of \$1,250,000 from London ground-rents alone, and the Duke of Bedford one of \$250,000 from the same source.

It is stated that the novelist, W. D. Howells, proposes to become a resident of New York city. The Authors' Club will give him a reception on the 22d of April.

A NEWSPAPER story that the two unmarried daughters of Mr. Blaine are about to become members of the Catholic Church is authoritatively denied. Mr. Blaine's family are Congregationalists.

THE plot of ground accepted from Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, by the family of John McCullough for the tragedian's tomb, is about thirty feet square, and will be surrounded by a broad driveway.

ALFRED G. DRAKE, a colored temperance reformer of Louisville, is doing effective service among the colored people of Kentucky. He was once a slave, but more recently worked at the carpentering trade.

MR. JAMES H. BATES, the well-known New York advertising agent, has bought the good-will of his former partner, Mr. S. M. Pettigill, who retires after an honorable and successful business career of over forty years.

GOVERNOR MURRAY of Utah has resigned upon request of the President. The Mormons are elated. It is to be hoped that the President will put a speedy end to their rejoicing by nominating the right sort of man as Governor Murray's successor.

MR. AMASA SPRAGUE has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Rhode Island. The same party has nominated Colonel Erwin Metcalf, a Republican, for Attorney-general, he being also the Prohibitionist candidate.

A REMARKABLE scheme in the publishing line has been evolved in Paris, where a stock company is to bring out Alphonse Daudet's new work, "Une Rupture dans le Monde." Buying and selling shares on a book, and expecting dividends thereon, is an idea of startling originality; but in the case of this phenomenally successful writer, it is likely to work.

"STEAMBOAT FRANK," who was captured with "Boston Charlie," "Shacknasty Jig," and other Modoc Indians in the Lava Beds during the fierce conflicts of that tribe with the Government troops, is attending the Oak Grove Seminary, in Maine. He is still a prisoner of the United States. He now calls himself Frank Modoc, and is studying for the ministry.

MR. WATTS, the English painter, has announced that he "no longer works as a professional man." If he now accepts the artistic Chiltern Hundreds, and becomes a retired Royal Academician, he will do an immense service to his peers and to the "outsiders"; he will redress the retirement from being an undignified skeddadle of aged incapables, and make room for one among the clever crowd knocking at the doors of Burlington House.

MRS. BANCROFT, the wife of George Bancroft, the historian, died in Washington, on the 15th instant. She was a woman of fine character and great popularity. Her bright conversation, her constant cheerfulness and gaiety amid almost constant suffering, and her unflagging interest in all that went on in the political and social world at home and abroad made her house the most charming in Washington, and her acquaintance was sought and enjoyed alike by statesmen and by the younger and gayer part of society.

A YOUNG Japanese woman named Kin Kato is attending the Normal School at Salem, Mass. She acquired a knowledge of English, and after graduation at the Normal School in Tokio was a teacher in the Kindergarten of the Normal School of Japan. She is chosen by the Government of Japan to be educated at its expense in this country, with the intention that after her three-years' course she shall return, to be placed at the head of the normal schools in Japan. Miss Kin Kato is the first woman scholar sent here by the Government of Japan.

JOACHIM HAYWARD SIDDONS, who died in Washington last week, was a remarkable and interesting man. Born in India in 1801, he was an actor at seventeen, an officer in the British Army two years later, then an editor and theatrical manager in Calcutta, and finally settled in the United States. As aid to a British officer, he visited Bonaparte at St. Helena in 1820. When the Englishmen took their leave, the deposed Emperor turned pathetically to Siddons and said: "I wish you well, young man; and I hope your wishes may be more enduring than mine."

MISS ABIGAIL BATES, well known as one of the two heroines who frightened away the British during the War of 1812 by sounding the fife and drum, died in Scituate, Mass., last week, at the age of eighty-nine years. Her sister and companion in the "army of two," died on December 13th, 1881, at the age of eighty-three years. The story of the adventure as told by the sisters was as follows: They were the daughters of the light-house-keeper at Scituate during the War of 1812. At one time they were left entirely without guards, even their father being away, and at this crisis a British man-of-war suddenly appeared in the harbor. As the crew made preparations to land, the two young girls were greatly alarmed; but seizing a drum and fife they went into a grove of trees, making all the noise they could. The British, evidently fearing the presence of a large American force, did not land, but soon sailed away. This clever ruse on the part of the two girls probably saved the town and two cargoes of flour then lying within the harbor.



BIRDS AND BONNETS—THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

SEE PAGE 91.



PENNSYLVANIA.—WILLIAM M. SINGERLY, PROPRIETOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA "RECORD."
PHOTO. BY BROADBENT BROS.

WILLIAM M. SINGERLY,
PROPRIETOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA "RECORD."

WILLIAM M. SINGERLY, proprietor of the Philadelphia Record, was born in that city, December 27th, 1832. He graduated from the Philadelphia High School in 1850, and immediately entered mercantile life. After ten years passed amidst commercial surroundings, he was called to the management of the Germantown Passenger Railway Company, in which his father was a principal stockholder. The sagacity, energy and ability which characterized Mr. Singerly's administration of the

affairs of this road were so marked, that toward the close of his father's life he controlled the line absolutely. At the time of his father's death, in 1878, Mr. Singerly came into possession of some fifteen thousand shares of Germantown Passenger Railway stock, appraised at \$750,000. As a result of his superior management, he disposed of this stock for \$1,500,000. On the 1st of May, 1877, Mr. Singerly purchased the *Public Record*, a moribund journal with a circulation of about 5,000 copies daily. Although entirely without newspaper experience, Mr. Singerly stamped the paper with his individuality from the outset, and his energy and straightforward earnestness speedily gave it a status which years of success could scarcely have secured in the ordinary way. Its circulation at once began to increase, and when its price was reduced to one cent a copy, subscriptions poured in in increasing numbers. Its circulation now averages over 111,000 daily. The *Record* is housed in one of the finest newspaper buildings in the world, and the paper used for its publication is made at Mr. Singerly's mill at Elkton, Md. Altogether more than one million dollars are invested in the *Record* establishment. The paper has distinguished itself as the stout opponent of combinations organized for the purpose of augmenting the cost of articles entering into common consumption, and has been especially active in its efforts to break down the railroad "pool" by which the prices of coal have been kept at unreasonable figures. Recently, the *Record* has added to its popularity by its exposure of the cruel treatment which the soldiers' or-

phans of Pennsylvania have received at certain State institutions—as elsewhere shown in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Near Gwynedd Station, in Montgomery County, Pa., Mr. Singerly has established a magnificent stock-farm of six hundred acres, upon which he keeps one of the most valuable herds of Holstein cattle to be found in America, as well as fine flocks of Cotswold and Southdown sheep. His building operations in Philadelphia are probably the most extensive ever inaugurated in that city by one man. In one section he has built eight hundred houses, and during the past four years has expended over one million dol-



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—HON. SAMUEL E. WHEATLEY, THE NEW DISTRICT COMMISSIONER.
PHOTO. BY RICE.

SAMUEL E. WHEATLEY,

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

MR. WHEATLEY, the new Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and successor of Mr. Edmonds, was born at Georgetown, D. C., March 22d, 1844, and has resided in the District



THE PANAMA CANAL.—M. DE LESSEPS, ON HIS ARRIVAL AT PANAMA, RECEIVING A FLORAL CROWN UNDER THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN FRONT OF THE EPISCOPAL PALACE.

from his birth up to the present time. He is a son of the late Francis Wheatley, and received his education at Alexandria, graduating at the old Hallowell Seminary. When he reached the age of twenty he engaged in the lumber business with his father, and with this is still connected, having succeeded, in conjunction with his brothers, to the large and prosperous business on the father's death. He is thoroughly identified with the interests of the District, and was indorsed for the Commissionership (which he did not personally seek) by property-owners representing \$20,000,000. He is a warm advocate of the public schools of the District, giving the system his earnest support at all times and in every way possible. He is a director of the Fireman's Insurance Company, President of the Potomac Boat Club, and has long been a vestryman of Christ Church (P. E.), West Washington. As a business man he will no doubt administer the affairs of his office on business principles, believing, with the appointing power, that a "public office is a public trust." His appointment to the Commissionership has given great satisfaction to the Press and public of the District of Columbia.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD has been nominated as a Major-general of the Army, vice General Pope, retired.

The Bill granting a pension of \$2,000 a year to the widow of General Hancock has passed the House of Representatives.

The House Committee on Elections has decided that Representative Romeis is entitled to the seat contested by Frank Hurd, the Free Trade champion.

The Ohio Senate, with a Democratic majority, refuses to confirm important nominations made by the Governor, in the hope that by this course it will compel Senator Sherman to vote for confirmation of President Cleveland's appointments.

The great strike on the Gould Southwestern railroad system continued during the whole of last week. On Friday, Governor Marmaduke of Missouri and Governor Martin of Kansas decided to act as mediators. They accordingly prepared a proposition, which, being approved by the strikers in Kansas City, was taken to St. Louis to be submitted to the railroad officials. Master Workman Powderly held a secret conference with the executive delegates, and a speedy adjustment is expected.

FOREIGN.

The Russian Government has taken steps to develop the petroleum fields of the peninsula of Apheron, on the west coast of the Caspian Sea.

HEAVY snowstorms and very cold weather prevailed in some parts of England early last week, but on Friday the weather became oppressively warm. In Paris there was a similar rise in temperature, and several persons were attacked by sunstroke.

THERE WAS a riot of unemployed Socialists in Liege, the iron manufacturing centre of Belgium, one day last week. A mob took possession of many of the streets, shouting, "Down with the Capitalists!" and attacking the shops. In one street they wrecked all the *cafés* and sacked all the shops. The gendarmes finally attacked the mob, and after a severe fight, in which many of the rioters were wounded, succeeded in clearing the streets and restoring order. Several hundred Socialists who took active part in the riot were placed under arrest.

MISS KATE FIELD'S LECTURES.

THE New York public will be gratified to learn that Miss Kate Field has consented to repeat, with vivid stereoscopic illustrations, the lectures on Mormonism which have attracted so much attention in this and other cities. On Friday evening, March 26th, she will speak of the "Vice and Treason of Mormonism," and on Saturday, the 27th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, of "Polygamy in Utah." The lectures will be given at Chickering Hall. Miss Field possesses rare gifts as a platform speaker, and all who may hear her on these occasions will be sure to confirm the verdict already given by the Press and public as to the interest and value of her lectures.

"PECULIARITIES OF AMERICAN CITIES" is the title of a recent work by Captain Willard Glazier, author of "Battles for the Union," "Capture, Prison Pen, and Escape," and numerous other books of a popular character. Thirty-nine of the principal cities of the United States and Canada are described as they are to-day, with an abundance of "local color," and but passing reference to their previous history. The distinguishing merit of this book is that the author describes, from his own point of view, places with which he is personally familiar, and does not offer a mere compilation of undigested statistics. Excellent illustrations accompany nearly every chapter. Messrs. Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia, are the publishers.

FUN.

STRANGE AS it may seem, a good resolution may be shattered with a "smile."

"LIVES of great men always remind us that we are all subject to die," says an exchange; but never could you yourself away as long as you can raise twenty-five cents for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A POET begins a song, "Last night I found an old forgotten key," but just as you think he is going to confess that he had to ring the door-bell like everything to wake up his wife, he proceeds to tell that it wasn't that kind of a key.

AN ELOQUENT LECTURER.

A WELL-KNOWN Temperance worker and Bible reader—Mrs. M. Cator, of Camden, New Jersey—has been raised almost from the grave, and restored to good health, by the use of Compound Oxygen. In giving a reporter of the Press an account of her recovery, she spoke of a number of cures by means of this treatment which had come under her immediate notice. We give one of the cases mentioned: "Let me tell you," said Mrs. Cator, "that what Compound Oxygen has done for me is nothing to what it has done for some of my friends. There is Miss Frances E. Willard, who is everywhere known as one of the most eloquent of our Temperance speakers. The other day I had a letter from Iowa, in which she thanked me for having brought Compound Oxygen to her notice. She had been badly run down by overwork, constant speaking and travel. She is now as strong as ever, and in perfect health for active duty."

Other cases, even more remarkable, which had come to her knowledge, were described by Mrs. Cator.

Write to Drs. STARKIE & PALLEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen—sent free.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC & COOK BOOK

MAILED free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

We desire to call the attention of such of our readers as may be contemplating housekeeping to the card of HADLEY'S, Cooper Institute, New York City, which appears in our columns. This firm have constantly on hand full lines of White and Decorated French China and English Porcelain Dinner, Tea and Chamber Sets, as well as all Housefurnishing Goods, which they offer at popular prices. They make a specialty of sending their goods throughout the country on receipt of P. O. Money Order or Draft, or by Express, C. O. D. Illustrated Catalogue and Price List free on application.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites acts both as food and medicine. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food that builds up the wasted body.

THE LOUISIANA HOTEL.

In our columns this week will be found a displayed advertisement of the new Louisiana Hotel, which is under the management of our energetic young friends, S. H. Bettys and G. W. Jett. They are fully prepared to entertain the public in a hospitable manner, having every necessary facility for caring for both man and beast, and are worthy of, and ought to receive, a liberal patronage, which, judging from the trade they are already getting, we believe they will obtain. There is a bit of history connected with this hotel that is interesting and worth relating. Mr. Bettys held a half-interest in a fifth ticket in the November (1885) Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery which drew the Capital Prize. With his share of the proceeds he purchased a desirable farm of 119 acres of land near Mt. Olivet, and a hotel here which originally cost nearly \$12,000. It is a magnificent three-story structure, practically new, and complete in all its appointments. With the exception of the Court-house, it is the largest and costliest building in Robertson County. Thus, on an investment of fifty cents, Mr. Bettys has secured property, the value of which exceeds \$15,000, and has about \$1,800 in surplus cash with which to make other desirable investments. Mr. Bettys' appreciation of The Louisiana State Lottery is attested by the fact that he has named his attractive hotel in honor of that famous enterprise.—*Mount Olivet (Ky.) Tribune*, Feb. 11.

"I LOVE HER BETTER THAN LIFE."

WELL, then, why don't you do something to bring back the roses to her cheeks and the light to her eyes? Don't you see she is suffering from nervous debility, the result of female weakness? A bottle of Dr. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" will brighten those pale cheeks and send new life through that wasting form. If you love her, take heed.

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wineglass of ANGSTURA BITTERS half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

HOW PALE YOU ARE!

Is FREQUENTLY the exclamation of one lady to another. The fact is not a pleasant one to have to mention, but still the act may be a kindly one, for it sets the one addressed to thinking, apprises her of the fact that she is not in good health, and leads her to seek a reason therefor. Pallor is almost always attendant upon the first stages of consumption. The system is enfeebled, and the blood is impoverished. DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" will act as a tonic upon the system, will enrich the impoverished blood, and restore roses to the cheek.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

If you have catarrh, use the surest remedy—DR. SAGE'S.



ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

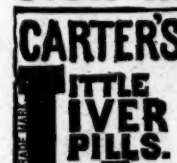
Use PERRY'S MOLE AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible skin medicine.

Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

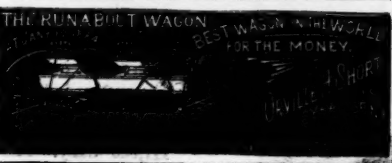
EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

W. L. DOUGLAS

Best material, perfect fit, equals any \$5 or \$6 shoe every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas's \$3.00 Shoe, warranted." Congress, Boston and Lace. If you cannot get these shoes from dealers, send address on postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters. AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS. L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOOPIING COUGH CURED

OR PREVENTED BY

PAGE'S

VAPORIZER.

A simple yet perfect apparatus for vaporizing Creosote, Eucalypti, and other medicinal vapors in a closed room cures Whooping Cough in a few days. It is also effective in relieving Asthma, Croup, Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Price, \$1.50.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co., Sole Agents, 170 William St., New York.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN ORDERING.

WEBER PIANOS

World renowned for their sympathetic purity of tone, great durability and singing quality.

A fine selection of all styles always on hand.

WAREHOUSES:

Fifth Avenue, cor. W. 16th Street.

DAN'L SULLY'S Corner Grocery

Capital Prize EN ROUTE.

Address, W. O. WHEELER.

THE INCOMPARABLE BAUS PIANOS

The Most Perfect Instruments of the Age.

ENDORSED BY ALL EMINENT ARTISTS.

In Constant Use at the "Grand Conservatory of Music."

These instruments are constructed from a musician's standpoint, built from the best material, and embodying all modern improvements known in the art of piano manufacturing. They are sold at

LOW PRICES AND EASY TERMS.

AUGUSTUS BAUS & CO., Manufacturers.

WAREHOUSES,

58 West 23d Street, New York.

First Prize Medal, 1873. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 60 Walker St., and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in newest designs.

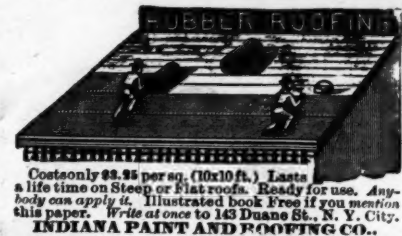
NO MORE RHEUMATISM

GOUT, Gravel, Diabetes. Speedy relief; harmless; infallible; 4 days' cure. French Vegetable Sallicylates—box, \$1. Books free; thousands authentic references. L. A. PARIS, Gen'l Agt., 102 W. 14th St., N. Y. West'n Ag'cy; J. C. Fowler, M.D., Denver, Col.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

FAT How to Reduce It. Full Diet. Elegant Treatment. By "The Doctor." Send two 2c. stamps for Manual. Theo. Wing, Plainfield, Conn.



Cost only \$2.50 per sq. (10x10 ft.). Lasts a life time on Steep or Flat roofs. Ready for use. Anybody can apply it. Illustrated book free if you mention this paper. Write at once to 143 Duane St., N. Y. City. INDIANA PAINT AND ROOFING CO.

TO LADIES! Are you Corpulent? CORPUS LEAN is a Safe, Permanent and Healthful Flesh Reducer—Ten to Fifteen Pounds a Month. NO POISON. ADIPO-MALINE never fails to permanently develop the Bust and Form. Non-injurious. BEAUTY of Face and Form secured to every Lady using our Toilet Requisites. Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamp or silver) for Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars, etc., by Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co., 2515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

WAS IT A MURDER?

Agents wanted, to handle an entirely new and fast-selling novelty (any one can sell them among their friends, evenings), the Patent Pocket Lighter and Cigarette Maker Combination. With it you can make your own cigarettes, choosing your own tobacco, and produce flame that will light anything combustible; wind cannot extinguish it. Agents' price, 25 cts., or \$1 per doz.; exclusive right of sale for towns, counties and States free. We have also an entirely new novelty that any one can sell. Send for circulars. M. JACKSON & CO., 12 College Place, New York City.

95 cts., Fine Velvet Carpets; Brussels, 60 cts.; India Body, 50 cts.; Ingrains, 25 cts.; finer qualities equally low. Mattings, \$4, \$5 and \$6. Fancy styles, \$7, \$8 and \$9; extra, \$10, \$11 and \$12. Forty yards to roll. Mats, rugs, etc. ANDREW LESTER & CO., 739-741 Broadway, N. Y.



JOHN F. STRATTON, 49 Maiden Lane, New York, Importer and Wholesale Dealer in ACCORDEONS, MOUTH HARMONICAS, and all kinds of Musical Merchandise, Russian Gut Violin Strings, Band Instruments. Send for catalogue. With the exception of Brass Band Instruments, no goods sold at retail.

SPRATTS PATENT DOG CAKES,

GENUINE Poultry, Pigeon & Cattle Foods, HORSE CONSTITUTION POWDERS, Frairie Meat Crissel AND Celebrated Dog and Pigeon Soaps. STAMPED. For Sale by all First-class Grocers and Dealers in Sportsman's Supplies. The Original English Dog & Poultry Medicines. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Factory, 239-245 E. 56th St., New York. Circulars Post Free on Application. DOWN TOWN DEPOT, 18 SO. WILLIAM ST.

RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. J. A. Sherman's Method. No operation. 251 Broadway, N. Y. Descriptive pamphlet mailed for 10 cts.

PERFEZIONE strengthens, enlarges and develops any part of the body, \$1. Nervous debility pills, \$1, postpaid. Address, N. E. MEDICAL INST., No. 21 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Matrimonial Paper! HIGHLY ILLUSTRATED. Each number contains over 100 advertisements of ladies and gents wanting correspondents. Sample copy 10c. silver. Address: HEART AND HAND, Chicago, Ill. Name this paper.

WOMAN WANTED \$250 for our business in her local area. GAY BROS., 14 Barclay Street, N. Y.

NO MORE CATARRH. The Great German Remedy is a positive cure. Free sample package and book for 4 cts. in stamps. E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.

LADIES send us 15c. for 6 months' subscription to our handsomely illustrated paper, and you will receive FREE a copy of "The Ladies Work Box Companion," or "The Ladies Crochet Manual" (64 pages each) as preferred. HOME GUEST, Somerville, Mass.

FREE SAMPLE TO INTRODUCE THE GREAT household Remedy, Dr. Gordon's King of Pains. I will send a sample free to any one sending stamp for postage. Agents Wanted. Address E. G. Richards, Sole Prop'r, Toledo, O.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABITS quickly and painlessly cured at home. Free Trial Course to all HUMANE REMEDY CO., Lafayette, Ind.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, no salve, and never returns. No purge, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever. — Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers. — C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier. — Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye. — Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete. — W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



You may not have seen our advertisement before; if not, look in the back numbers of this paper for the prices of our goods. When you paint your house, all except the sash and blinds can be done with unskilled labor, and you will save two-thirds of your paint bill, while you get the most brilliant and lasting results. There is a golden mean between the old-fashioned acid lead used alone and those new-fashioned ready-mixed paints, while they are cheap, may also be called nash. The good old-fashioned materials, White Lead, Zinc, Linseed Oil, Turpentine and Drier, perfectly blended, were never before offered for so little money. A single can covers 400 square feet; and, put on a dry, clean surface by the greenest hand, will make you our customer for life. If your dealer refuses to get these goods, order of us direct. THE P. J. NASH MFG CO., Nyack, Rockland Co., New York.

SHAWLS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY!
To any lady who will agree to show to her friends and try to influence sales, we will send free by mail one elegant PLAID SHAWL on receipt of 25 cts. in stamps to pay postage, advertising and packing. **BRISTOL MANUFACTURING CO., 309 Broadway, N. Y.**

WANTED Ladies and Gentlemen to take nice light work at their homes. \$10 to \$25 a day easily made. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Steady Employment Furnished. Address with stamp **CROWN MFG. CO., 294 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

QUICK sales and large profits easily made by any man or woman making less than \$40 per week. We guarantee the very best chance in America for live men and women to make money. An agent writes: "Your plan brings the money quick." H. B. Merrill & Co., Chicago, Ill.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.
Nervous, weak and debilitated men restored to health and strength. Electro-Magnetic Belt and Suspensory, price \$3. A scientific article at reasonable price. **TRUNKLER & Co., 88 Maiden Lane, N. Y.**

BLUEBERRY PLANTS.
The Blueberry succeeds in all soils, and is a valuable fruit to grow either for pleasure or profit. Descriptive price-list free. **DELOS STAPLES, Ionia Co., West Sebewa, Mich.**

6 CENTS For 51 New Chromo, Scrap & Gold Edge Cards. Essex Card Wks, Ivoryton, Conn.
200 New Scrap Pictures & Agt's Album of 49 Card Samples for 10c. Steam Card Wks, H'trd, Conn.

Sample Book containing 51 samples of New C'ds for 6 cts. to pay postage. **CENTER-FREE! — BROOK CARD CO., C'terbrook, Conn.**

WANTED An active man or woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary \$75 per Month and Expenses. Canvassing Outfit and Particulars FREE. **STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston, Mass.**

A BIG OFFER. Give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. If you want one, send us your name, P.O. and express office at once. **The National Co., 23 Dey St., N. Y.**

APRIZE Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. **TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.**

Good News LADIES!

Get up Orders for our CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES, and secure a beautiful MOSS ROSE or GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA-SET (44 pieces), our own importation. One of these beautiful china tea-sets given away to the party sending an order for \$25. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of GOOD TEA or COFFEE, and at the same time procure a HANDSOME CHINA TEA-SET. No humping. Good Teas, 30c., 35c. and 40c. per lb. Excellent Teas, 50c. and 60c., and very best from 65c. to 90c. When ordering, be sure and mention what kind of Teas you want—whether Oolong, Mixed, Japan, Imperial, Young Hyson, Gunpowder or English Breakfast. We are the oldest and largest Tea Company in the business. The reputation of our house requires no comment. N. B.—We have just imported some very fine WHITE GRANITE DINNER SETS, 115 pieces, which we give away with Tea and Coffee orders of \$40 and upwards. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, P. O. Box 289, NEW YORK.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

A book of 100 pages. The best book for an advertiser to consult, be he experienced or otherwise. It contains lists of newspapers and estimates of the cost of advertising. The advertiser who wants to spend one dollar finds in it the information he requires, while for him who will invest one hundred thousand dollars in advertising, a scheme is indicated which will meet his every requirement, or can be made to do so by slight changes easily arrived at by correspondence. One hundred and fifty-three editions have been issued. Sent, post-paid, to any address for 10 cents. Apply to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce Street (Printing House Square), New York.

WITH \$5 YOU CAN SECURE A WHOLE

Austro-Hungarian Government Bond, ISSUE OF 1870.

These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

THREE DRAWINGS ANNUALLY. Until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw one of the following premiums, as there are NO BLANKS:

Premiums.	Florins.	Florins.	Florins.
1 at	150,000	equals	150,000
1 at	120,000	"	120,000
1 at	100,000	"	100,000
1 at	15,000	"	15,000
1 at	12,000	"	12,000
1 at	10,000	"	10,000
3 at	5,000	"	15,000
12 at	1,000	"	12,000
54 at	500	"	27,000
4,575 at	144	"	658,800

Together 4,650 premiums amounting to 1,119,800 Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

FIFTEENTH OF APRIL. And every bond bought of us on or before the 15th of April is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

Out-of-town orders sent in **REGISTERED LETTERS**, and inclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly installments.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, N. Y. City. ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States. N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English FRANK LESLIE'S.

100 New Scrap Pictures & Agent's Samples for 1886, 5 cts. S. M. Foote, Northford, Conn.

VICK'S Floral Guide
Is a work of nearly 300 pages, colored plates, 1,000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of seeds and plants, and how to get and grow them. Printed in English and German. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. **BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS, JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.**

KENSINGTON STAMPING OUTFIT FREE!
Being fully aware of the great interest the ladies are taking in Kensington Work, we have prepared a Complete Outfit containing 50 perforated Stamping Patterns on best government bond parchment paper, all different, including Sprays of Golden Rod, Pansies, Wild Rose, Forget-me-nots, Tulips, Strawberries, Outlines of Boy, Girl, Bug, Spider, Stars, Scallops for Bairs, Crazy Stick Patterns, Crystal Kitchens, Borders, Fond Lilies, Tulips, etc., etc., 50 in all, ranging in size from 1-1/2 in. to 7 inches, also 2 Box White Stamping Powder, 1 Patent reversible Panset, and full and complete directions for Kensington Stamping and Embroidery, Kensington Fainting, Letter, Metallic Filling and Iridescent Fainting, Colors used and mixing of Colors, Ribbon Embroidery, Chenille and Aranesse Work, Correct Colors of all the different flowers. Description of every stitch used in embroidery, etc., making a Complete Outfit that cannot be bought at retail for less than \$4.00. To introduce FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, the large, 16 page illustrated magazine devoted to the interests of the country home and household, we will send one of these Outfits complete, free and postpaid, to any lady who will send \$5e. for 3 mos. subscription to the Magazine. Five for \$1. Money cheerfully refunded if not more than satisfactory. We are now located in our large brick factory, fronting 306 feet on the line of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., and the government having located a postoffice in our factory, we are now prepared to fill all orders promptly to the entire satisfaction of our subscribers. Address **Farm and Household, Hartford, Conn.**

40 Hidden Name, Gold Fringe Motto CARDS and Sample Book, 10c.; 13 pls., \$1. **BLAKESLEE & CO., North Haven, Conn.**

HELP WANTED. \$50 A WEEK and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. **J. P. HILL & CO., Augusta, Maine.**

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Population in 1865, 5,000; in 1885, 145,000!

THE MOST PROSPEROUS CITY IN THE WORLD

An Absolutely Safe Way to Make Money—No Speculation; Positive Security.

The Most Reliable and Best Investment in the World To-day is Real Estate in Kansas City.

The unparalleled increase of trade and population makes city and suburban property here the safest, surest and best investment that can be obtained.

Lots that sold a few years since for \$500 are today worth \$5,000.

This great railroad centre and Metropolis of the Far West, situated at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, commanding, as it does, the ever-increasing trade of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Colorado, New Mexico and Mexico, is only in its infancy.

We sell lots on monthly or quarterly payments. No other investments on the globe can show such profits as Kansas City real estate has paid in the past ten years.

Plots of additions, maps of city, full particulars and terms of payment, furnished on application.

T. J. GREEN & CO., Real Estate, KANSAS CITY, MO.

REFERENCES: BANK OF KANSAS CITY, BANK OF COMMERCE.

THE EBBITT: WASHINGTON, D. C.

ARMY AND NAVY HEADQUARTERS. Four Iron Fire Escapes.

TERMS—\$3.00 and \$4.00 Per Day.

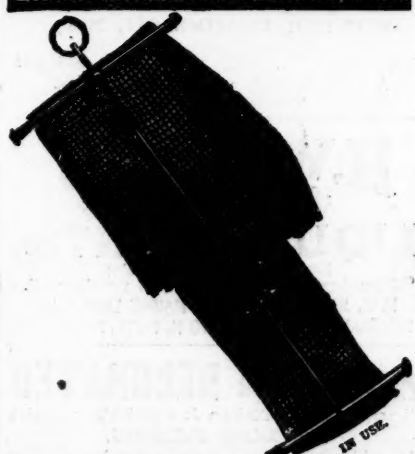
FAC-SIMILE. FOR SHAVING.
The Genuine Yankee Soap. Has never been equalled in the richness and permanence of its lather. Especially adapted for heavy beards and a delicate skin. Standard for quality in the U. S. Navy. Has been counterfeited more than any other soap in the world. Notice the engraving and avoid imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS KEEP IT. Trial Sample for 12 Cents. **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Gloucester, Conn. Formerly WILLIAMS & BROS., Manchester, 1840.**

THE LATEST LONDON SUCCESS.

JOHN HAMILTON & Co.'s PATENT PORTABLE TROUSERS STRETCHER

Awarded SILVER MEDAL, London International Exhibition, 1884.



By the use of this invention Trousers are soon restored to their original length and shape, and the objectionable "bagging at the knee" is dispensed with.

The TENSION is obtained by a SCREWED ROD (as shown above), which can be regulated as desired.

The Rod is jointed, and the whole can be packed in a Case 17-in. by 6-in., and weighs under 3 lbs.

OF ALL TAILORS & OUTFITTERS THROUGHOUT AMERICA.

Sole Patentees and Manufacturers—

JOHN HAMILTON & CO., 7 PHILIP LANE, LONDON WALL, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES SOLD.

Don't pay exorbitant rental fees to the Bell Telephone Company to use a telephone on lines less than two miles in length. A few months' rental buys a first-class Telephone that is no infringement, and works splendid on lines for private use on any kind of wire, and works good in stormy weather. It makes homes pleasant; annihilates time; prevents burglaries; saves many steps, and is just what every business man and farmer should have to connect stores, houses, depots, factories, colleges, etc., etc. The only practicable and reliable Telephone that is sold outright and warranted to work. Chance for agents. No previous experience required. Circulars free. **WM. L. NORTON, Buffalo, N. Y.**

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address **JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

"Come draw this curtain and let's see your picture."—SHAKESPEARE.

A Revelation in the History of Crayon Portraits.

AN UNPARALLELED ANNOUNCEMENT.

Having completed necessary arrangements enabling me to supply any demand for most artistic and faithful crayon portraits, also elegant, durable and valuable frames, at short notice, I have concluded as follows: That, to advertise my business and quickly introduce my work into all parts of the United States, regardless of immediate profit, but depending on future business when my prices will be advanced, I will, for a limited time, until further notice in this publication, make you the following liberal and unprecedented offer:

For \$12.00,

C.O.D., with Privilege of Examination for Approval, before Paying,

A Faithful Likeness, Elegant Frame, and Valuable Subscription, as follows:

A finely finished and faithful Crayon Portrait, size, including frame, 23x27, called Life Size, made by experienced, careful and talented artists, from copy you may send, either from a photograph, tintype, or any other copy, small or large—photograph preferred.

An elegant, durable and massive Bronze or Gilt Frame; about 6 inches width of molding of latest new design, in which the portrait shall be framed and carefully boxed, and shipped by express to your address within thirty days from receipt of your order.

One year's subscription to either of the following publications:

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED ZEITUNG, FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE, FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS, FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET.

I will have subscription paid and entered up in your name, to commence with current issue or from January 1, last, and will send you publisher's receipt therefor. But no deduction can be made from prices for portraits as given, even should you feel inclined to waive the stated subscription.

Equal to anything costing in New York City from at least \$25 to \$30.

For \$4 extra—total \$16—I will make the frame of extra elegant and massive, all-gilt, 7-inch wide molding, best gold-leaf grooves, bands and ornaments, burnished, of the latest new designs—frame alone worth, at city prices, \$11. Total, equal to anything costing at least from \$30 to \$35, for \$16.

No such offer was ever made before.

For \$14.50

A FULL LIFE-SIZE BUST, SIZE, INCLUDING FRAME, 27x32, FRAMED IN ELEGANT AND MASSIVE BRONZE OR GILT; ALSO ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO ANY ONE OF THE FRANK LESLIE PUBLICATIONS NAMED ABOVE.

The difference in price for this portrait and frame is only in the size.

Equal to anything costing in New York City from at least \$30 to \$40.

For \$5 extra—total \$19.50—I will make the frame of extra elegant, massive, all-gilt, 7-inch molding, best gold-leaf grooves, bands and ornaments, burnished, of latest new designs—frame alone worth, at city prices, \$13. Total, equal to anything costing in New York City from \$35 to \$45, for \$19.50. This portrait and frame is something grand. Send for it in preference to anything else if you can. It is indeed a bargain for \$19.50.

"Whatever Mr. Myers may undertake to do will be, I feel sure, well and faithfully done."—CHAS. K. WILLIAMS, "Of The American News Company, N. Y."

"We cheerfully recommend Mr. Myers as worthy of high confidence."—JUNK & WAGNALL, Publishers, 10 and 12 Dey Street, New York.

"We have known Mr. Myers for years, and from personal experience with him can safely testify to his strict integrity in all business transactions. We heartily commend him and his offer to the public."—THE SHERMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Publishers of Admiral David D. Porter's "Naval History of the Civil War," etc., 204 Broadway, New York.

"We have examined specimens of the crayon portrait work and of the frames to be supplied by Mr. Myers as per his unprecedented offer. We find them all that he claims for them. The opportunity he offers will no doubt be welcomed by the many, who must appreciate it."—FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.

All work, portraits and frames, guaranteed to give more than satisfaction to the most expectant.

To preclude the possibility of trifling on the part of any reader, so disposed, in responding to this advertisement, which offers unusual privileges, a deposit remittance of \$5 on account should, as a guarantee of good faith, where parties are unknown to me, accompany orders, balance to be paid only when portrait and frame is delivered, and that only after you have been allowed to examine it, and when you find yourself more than well pleased with the bargain you secure, the faithfulness of the likeness, etc., etc.

You will be advised by mail, soon as portrait is shipped, etc.

The subscription to the Frank Leslie Publication will be forwarded immediately on receipt of order.

HOW TO PROCEED.

Select the pictures to be copied. Write instructions as to your choice of frame, whether bronze or gilt, and state which of the above-named magazines or periodicals you select, together with any other detail you may have to refer to. Write your full name and address, giving town or city, county and State in full. Write name and address legibly.

Obtain P. O. money order, postal notes, draft on New York city, or bills for five dollars, and inclose the whole in a carefully secured envelope or package.

Have it properly stamped and registered at post-office, taking your postmaster's receipt therefor, as my risk.

Make remittances payable, and address all communications, to

FELIX MYERS, P. O. Box 526, 208 East 14th St. New York City.



PROPOSED NEW ALDERMANIC CHAMBERS AT SING SING.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

A box containing Samples of all the above five articles prepaid to your nearest Railroad Express Office (which should be named) for Fifty Cents—Money Order, Stamps or Currency.
Address: YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

A Box of fine Perfume and a new set of imported Cards for 10c.; worth 35c. A chance of a lifetime. Aetna Card Co., Box 2724, New York.

The Automatic Postage Stamp Sticker.

THE MOST USEFUL INVENTION OF THE AGE.



Will stamp FIVE HUNDRED envelopes without HANDLING or LICKING the stamps.
Can be worked by ANYONE and is always ready for use.

For Sale by Stationers and News-dealers, or postpaid by mail on receipt of price, \$1.50

HYDE & CO., General Agents,

48 Broad Street, NEW YORK.

Liberal Terms to Agents and the trade.

GRAND FLOWER SHOW

Metropolitan Opera House,
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
March 24, 25, 26 and 27 next,

C. F. KLUNDER,

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF WELL-KNOWN LADIES IN SOCIETY.

First Day's Opening at 2 P. M.
Following Days at 11 A. M.
Closes each Day at 11 P. M.

A GRAND CONCERT

Afternoon and Evening,
—BY THE—
METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY'S ORCHESTRA
Under the Leadership of
WALTER DAMROSCH, ESQ.

ADMISSION..... \$1.00
A Limited Number of Boxes for Sale at
907 BROADWAY.

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS.

Sample Cards and Pamphlet "Structural Decoration" sent free by mail.
H. W. JOHNS MFG CO., 87 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.
175 Randolph St., Chicago; 170 N. 4th St., Philadelphia.

WHITE and DECORATED

Fine French China & Best Porcelain AT LOW PRICES.

Fine White Porcelain Dinner Sets, 100 pieces... \$12.00
Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 100 pcs. 22.00
Gold-band China Tea Sets, 44 pcs. \$8.50; white 7.50
Richly Decorated China Tea Sets, 44 pieces... 12.00
Decorated Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, \$4; white 3.00
Decorated Dinner Sets, all colors and designs 30.00
Decorated Parlor & Brass Hanging Lamps, etc. 5.00

ALSO ALL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Illustrated Catalogue and Price List mailed free on application. Estimates and information furnished.
HADLEY'S, 1-17 Cooper Institute, N. Y. City.
Orders packed and placed on car or steamer free of charge. Sent C. O. D. or on receipt of P. O. M. Order.

PEARS' SOAP—Established in London 100 Yrs.

PEARS' SOAP produces a Bright, Clear Complexion and a Soft Skin.



PEARS' SOAP—The Greatest Luxury of the Toilet. A Perfectly Pure Soap.

PEARS'

SOAP

Produces
Soft, White
AND Beautiful Hands

Delightfully
Fragrant.

PEARS' Soap has received 15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS, and is for sale by the leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the UNITED STATES; also by Chemists and Vendors throughout the CIVILIZED WORLD.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.

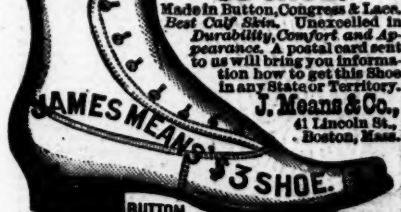
We have now open complete lines of Spring Novelties in Fine Furniture Coverings, Upholstery Materials, Madras and Lace Draperies, etc.

An early inspection desirable.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

Ask your retailer for the Original \$3 Shoe. Beware of Imitations.

None Genuine unless bearing this Stamp
JAMES MEANS' \$3 SHOE.



This shoe stands higher in the estimation of wearers than any other in the world. Thousands who wear it will tell you the reason if you ask them.



20 All Hidden Name Cards, an elegant 48 page book of 25 pieces, and 200 New Scrap Pictures, all for 25 Cents. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

The Overland Monthly

1868 1886



This magazine has no rival in its own field. It is the only high-class monthly west of the Alleghenies, and it finds readers throughout the English-speaking world. Some of its attractive features are:

PACIFIC COAST LITERATURE—NEW WRITERS, WITH SOMETHING TO SAY.
TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, PIONEER SKETCHES, HISTORICAL STUDIES.

WESTERN NOVELS, BREEZY SHORT STORIES; SPANISH DAYS; MINING CAMPS.

CIVICS, SOCIOLOGY, EDUCATION, INDUSTRIAL TOPICS, AND LIVING QUESTIONS.

The Trade supplied by THE AMERICAN NEWS CO. and Branches. London Office: Trübner's Sons, 57 and 59 Ludgate Hill.

Single subscription, \$4 per year; single copies 35c. Address, THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, 120 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE "UNITED SERVICE"

Trousers Stretchers.

Easily and quickly fixed. No mechanism to get out of order.

FOR SALE BY
E. O. THOMPSON,

Merchant Tailor,
245 BROADWAY, 908 WALNUT ST.,
NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Wholesale and Retail.

A WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN

Should have as a Toilet Adjunct the HARVARD TROUSER STRETCHER

Three minutes' time will apply the Stretchers and give the garment an appearance of perfect freshness and newness. It takes out all wrinkles, all bagging from the knees, and puts a pair of Trousers in perfect shape. Lasts a lifetime. Sent postpaid to any P. O. in U. S. on receipt of \$1.00.

RICHMOND SPRING CO.,
130 Richmond Street, Boston, Mass.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CURABLE DEAF DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 243 Broadway, N. Y.